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Hymns and other Verses

RIVINGTONS

LONDON
OXFORD
CAMBRIDGE

*Waterloo Place
High Street
Trinity Street*

H Y M N S

And other Verses

BY

WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D.,

CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED



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TO THE REVEREND
HENRY PARRY LIDDON, D.D.,

CANON OF ST. PAUL'S; IRELAND PROFESSOR OF EXEGESIS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In asking leave to associate your name with this new edition of my "Verses,"—which is in some degree a new book,—I was desirous of thus indicating what I could not hope to express—my sense of all that I owe to you.

Ever yours gratefully and affectionately,

W. B.



ADVERTISEMENT

IN this edition three pieces, which the first edition contained, are omitted, and twenty, which it did not contain, are inserted. Of the latter, some have already appeared in print in the ‘Monthly Packet,’ and elsewhere ; the version of the ancient Evening Hymn, ‘Joyful Light,’ being taken from the writer’s ‘History of the Church from 313 to 451.’ Of the Hymns in this volume, four have been admitted into the collection of ‘Hymns Ancient and Modern.’

CHRIST CHURCH,

Feb. 28, 1874.



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Credo in Deum.

THOU hast been, Thou art our Refuge,
When this day of surging thought
Brings all sanctities to question,
And all hollow faiths to nought ;
O what doubts, what drear negations,
Straightway 'neath our feet are trod,
When we answer with our Credo
In a true and living God !

Not a name for boundless Nature,
Not a blind mechanic Cause,
Not a sum of vital forces,
Not a slave of iron laws ;

CREDO IN DEUM.

Not an abdicated Ruler,
Who could once a world create,
Then leave all His will had fashioned
To a self-evolving fate :

But a God that acts and governs,
Now, as on Creation's day ;
Love's most special care combining
With His widest general sway ;
One whose grand continuous fiat
Every moment props the spheres,
One who bends His whole omniscience
On each new-made orphan's tears.

Yes—a real Guide and Father,
Yes—a real Judge and Lord ;
Whose perpetual moral presence
Round our deepest life is poured ;

One who verily can love us,
Hear our cry, and make us blest ;
Who ordains His deepest witness
In the voice within our breast.

But full surely¹ He would give us
Clearer tokens of His will,
And our need to touch Him closer
He would, Father-like, fulfil :
So to powers and laws transcendent
Nature's outward course might yield,
And our own God shine before us,
In His wealth of grace revealed.

Therefore men that read the story
Of the Manger and the Rood,
Well may greet the only Gospel
Straight from Him, the only Good :

¹ See Newman's Sermons, ii. 18.

CREDO IN DEUM.

Heart and mind go forth to meet it,
This is light, or light is none,—
To believe in God the Father
And in Jesus Christ His Son.

This is light ;—where dimness lingers,
Faith can wait till shadows flee ;
And Life's riddles less perplex us
When the Truth has made us free ;
Yea, the Truth and Light Incarnate—
For if Christ we truly scan,
Him we trust in we must worship,
Word made Flesh, and God made Man.

Nought but this, the living fulness
Of His own Emmanuel Name,
Links His human truth and pureness
With the splendours of His claim ;

He that took His sovereign station
Where no Angel durst come nigh,
Would be neither Saint nor Prophet
Were He less than God most high.¹

But we know Thee, O good Jesus !
And Thy words are life indeed ;
And Thine own all-glorious Person
Gives coherence to our Creed :
Strong in that majestic oneness,
Each high doctrine holds its place ;
Each a ground of holy action
And a pledge of constant grace.

Take then, Lord, our prostrate worship,
Take our best of thanks and praise,
For the dear, dear love that keeps us
From the doubter's woeful ways ;

¹ "La question de sa Divinité, c'est la question de sa sincérité." Félix Conférences de 1864, p. 205.

Though the strife of tongues be with us,
On our thoughts imprint Thy sign ;
Till all questions find their answer
In that life where all is Thine.

Morning Psalms.

I.

To thank Thee, Lord, for this new morn
We come before Thy face ;
Make Thou the hours till eventide
A perfect day of grace.

We know, to bless our common life,
Thou hast a precept given,
That we, redeemed, should walk on earth
As citizens of heaven.

But, Father ! well Thou know'st that oft
We find the world too strong ;
That powers at deadly war with Faith
Around our pathway throng.

When things of sense their claim assert
With such a royal mien,
'Tis hard to keep all homage back
For majesties unseen.

Men feel no awe for verities
Whose voice is soft and still ;
They thrust aside the realm of Grace—
It lets them have their will.

Self-hardened towards diviner things,
Each day they own them less ;
While through their being steals the plague
Of utter worldliness.

O keep us, Lord, from such a doom !
O grant us power and love
What lies before us here to do,
But fix our hearts above.

Amid the transient, make us true
To that which knows no end ;
Let holy thoughts and acts of faith
With earthly business blend :

So shall the beauty of our God ¹
Beam o'er us all the day ;
And this poor handiwork be rich
In fruits that ne'er decay.

¹ Ps. xc. 17.

II.

At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day ;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more ;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight ;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless ;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we,—keep them clear of sin.

We, in part, our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe ;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies ;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All ourselves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee !

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon ;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,—
Loyal singleness of heart ;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God ! show forth Thy praise.

Evening Hymns.

I.

Φῶς ἡλιαρδὸν ἀγίας δόξης.¹

LIGHT of gladness, Beam Divine
From the Glory's inmost shrine,
Where in His immortal rest
Reigns Thy Father ever blest ;

Jesus Christ, our hymn receive :
Sunset brings the lights of eve ;
Day is past, and night begun ;
Praise we Father, Spirit, Son.

Night and day for Thee is meet
Holy voices' anthem sweet,
Ringing through the world abroad,
“ Hail, life-giving Son of God ! ”

¹ See the original in Routh's *Reell. Sacr.* iii. 515.

II.

O God, in this calm eventide
Let two great thoughts with us abide ;
How dust shall unto dust return,
And how Thy love doth o'er us yearn.

The days of man are but as grass ;
They spring, they flourish, and they pass ;
But to the faithful and the pure
Thy mercy stands for ever sure.

O joy for them ! they well may brook
With fearless eyes on death to look ;
Their spirit makes its firm abode
In that paternal heart of God.

Enthroned in all-sufficing rest,
He still desires to see us blest ;
As mother comforts darling son,¹
So bends He o'er us, one by one.

Full oft this day His pardon sweet
Has sped from far, some child to meet ;
Has welcomed home the lost and found,
And made His Heaven with joy resound.

Thy power, O Lord, reveals Thee less
Than glimpses of Thy tenderness ;
And we, though here we know in part,
May write “He loves me” on our heart.

So pass we on from day to day,
With strength to work and will to pray,
And two things certain—We must die,
And—Thou wouldest have us live on high.

¹ Isa. lxvi. 13.

Eucharistica.

I.

O AWFUL might of Grace Divine,
That can our shallow thoughts reprove,
And in the simplest forms enshrine
Such heights and depths and worlds of love !
Yea, all God's mercies earthward sent
Are in the Blessed Sacrament.

For we have all, if we have Thee,
Who giv'st us here Thy Flesh and Blood,
And giv'st us Faith withal to see
That miracle of ghostly food ;
To her keen eyes the veil is rent
That shrouds the Blessed Sacrament.

With her we lift our hearts on high,
By self condemned, by God forgiven ;
With her to Jesus we draw nigh,
And stretch our hands for Bread from heaven ;
No more in sin's foul dungeon pent,
We touch the Blessed Sacrament.

“ It is the Lord ! ” no thought but this
Can compass all our wondrous gain ;
“ It is the Lord,” our Life, our Bliss,
Who died, who lives to plead and reign,
And whose vast love has fullest vent
In this most Blessed Sacrament.

II.

LORD, we bid Thee welcome,
Filled with love and awe ;
Though the heavens contain Thee
After nature's law,
Yet, as all the faithful
Share that Heart of Thine,
So Thy Body findeth
Here a mystic shrine.

Take Thy liegemen's homage,
O Thou Prince of Peace ;
In this boon transcendant
Still our faith increase ;

May our lips confess it
Till their latest breath,
May it light our passage
Through the gates of death.

Here, although we see not,
Yet we trust Thy word ;
But the full fruition—
Grant it, grant it, Lord !¹
O to gaze upon Thee
Not through veils like this,
When to see Thy glory
Shall be all our bliss !

¹ See the *Rhythmus of Aquinas*.

III.

ONCE, only once, and once for all,¹
His precious life He gave ;
Before the Cross in faith we fall,
And own it strong to save.

“ One offering, single and complete,”
With lips and heart we say ;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.

For as the priest of Aaron’s line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood :

¹ Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 347.

So He, who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself¹ for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.

His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its Presence to His own.

And so we show Thy death, O Lord,
Till Thou again appear;
And feel, when we approach Thy board,
We have an Altar here.²

¹ Heb. ix. 24.

² Heb. xiii. 10.

IV.

'Tis said, 'tis done ; and like as we believe
That He, true God, became for us true Man ;
As, clinging to the Cross, our souls receive
The mystery of His redemptive plan ;
As we confess, "He rose, and burst the tomb,—
Went up on high,—will come to speak the Doom :”

So may we see the bright harmonious line
Of all those marvels stretching on to *this*,
A kindred master-work of power Divine,
That yields a foretaste of our Country's bliss,
When pilgrim hearts discern from earthly food¹
The quickening essence of His Flesh and Blood.

¹ 1 Cor. xi. 29.

Wherefore we sinners, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
Do here present, do here spread forth to Thee
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us, as found in Him ;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim ;
For lo, between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal ;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal !
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come,—O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still ;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill ;
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

V.

From an Ambrosian Missal.

THIS is the Feast that pleases Thee, O Lord ;
This is the Feast that Thou didst leave behind
For orphaned ones, in token of Thy love.
O Wisdom of the Father, Virgin-born,
O Thou who hast not deemed it too much grace
To let a worthless sinner touch and take
Thy sacred, precious Body ; what reward
For all Thy bounties can I give to Thee ?
For if the holy deeds of all the world
Were heaped together, they would show as nought
Beside Thy gracious goodness. Therefore now

I thank Thee, King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Son of the living God,—Lord Jesus Christ,
And far as these weak powers of mine can reach
I render thanks to Thy dread Majesty
And kindness infinite, O kindest Lord,
Who sweetly hast refreshed my dried-up soul
With Thy most holy Body and Thy Blood.
I pray Thee, Lord, that what in me is found
Faulty, and running counter to Thy will,
May wholly be uprooted, and my heart
Prepared to be the Spirit's meet abode.
And grant that this Communion, dearest Lord,
May to my soul be sweetness and delight;
In persecution and adversity
Be safety and protection; peace and joy
In trouble and temptation; light and strength
In every word and work; and confidence,
Comfort, and final tutelage, in death.

VI.

From the “Lauda Sion.”

To thy Saviour, Sion, render,
To thy Guide and Shepherd tender
Homage sweet of choral lays :
Put forth all thy strength to bless Him,
For thy best can ne'er express Him,
Towering far above thy praise.

What can call for praise more glowing
Than the living, life-bestowing
Bread, on this thy Table set :
That which, past all doubt, was given
On that holiest supper-even,
When the Twelve their Master met.

Lo, our new King all reneweth,
Table, Pasch, and Law undoeth,
Planting others in their room :
Shadows from the truth are fleeting,
Old things from the new retreating,
Light is casting out the gloom.

What He did at supper seated,
Christ ordained to be repeated,
His memorial ne'er to cease ;
And His rule for guidance taking,
Bread and wine we hallow, making
Thus our sacrifice of peace.

Christians know what Christ hath spoken ;
Bread becomes His Body broken,
Wine becomes His Blood outpoured ;
Though the senses ne'er perceive it,
Hearty faith can well believe it,
Nought is hard for Nature's Lord.

Shepherd good, in mercy hear us,
Jesus, very Bread, be near us,
Feed us still, from evil clear us,
Till the land of life shall cheer us
With the sight of all Thy love :
Strong and wise for all our needing,
Here till death Thy people feeding,
There to Thine own Table leading,
Make us heirs of bliss exceeding
With the citizens above.

VII.

Pange lingua gloriosi Corporis.

JOIN we now, the mystery singing
 Of the Body all-adored,
And the Blood, earth's ransom bringing,
 Precious Blood which He outpoured,
He, of matchless parent springing,
 He, the Gentiles' rightful Lord.

To us born, and to us given,
 Lo, the Virgin's Child upgrows ;
For this world exchanging Heaven,
 Here the seed of life He sows,
Tarrying till that solemn even,
 Of His course the wondrous close.

Then, the legal meats displaying,
See a Paschal table stand ;
See Him all the law obeying,
Seated 'mid His brethren's band ;
Then as food Himself conveying
To the Twelve with His own hand.

Word made flesh, true bread He breaketh,—
By His word 'tis Flesh indeed :
And the wine His Blood He maketh ;
And if this our sense exceed,
Each true heart assurance taketh,
Loyal faith fulfils its need.

Let us then, with reverent faces,
Hail our Sacrament most high ;
Jewish forms must yield their places
When the Christian rite comes nigh ;
Faith, which things unseen embraces,
Can the senses' lack supply,

Blessing, glory, jubilation
To the Father and the Son ;
Strength ascribe we, and salvation,
Praise be paid and honour done ;
And to Him like adoration
Who, from Both, with Both is One.

VIII.

Christmas Communion.

At last Thou art come ! and the dew of Thy birth
Is the fragrance of Heaven to Thy pilgrims on
earth ;

All life at Thy coming grows radiant and sweet,
And our very hearts' homage we lay at Thy feet ;
Though feeble our best, let us do what we can
To welcome Thy birthday, true God and true
Man.

O light to our eyes, and O life to our heart,
Can words ever tell what a Saviour Thou art,
Who to ransom our souls, and to fill us with good,
Didst stoop to the Manger, the garden, the Rood ?

Take our thanks unexpressed, while adoring we
fall

In Thine own very Presence, our God and our All.

For us Thou wast born, Thou didst die, Thou dost
live;

Our praise Thou canst perfect, our sin canst for-
give;

That want lies the deepest; 'tis mercy we need,
And the souls Thou absolvest keep Christmas
indeed;

Let the touch of Thy Manhood our cleansing
renew,

And Thy deep Heart of love to itself make us true.

When in hearts that once hailed Thee the gladness
dies out,

When lips that adored Thee now question and
doubt,

When they half deem it gain from Thy yoke to be
free,

O grant us to cleave all the closer to Thee !
That if others draw back, we may do what we can
To live for Thy service, true God and true Man.

IX.

Maundy Thursday.

THOU, the Light of earthly temples
While Thou shin'st in heaven above,
Well we know, Thine eyes benignant
This day's purpose will approve,
When we meet to do Thee homage
In Thy Sacrament of love.

Let the world condemn or scorn us,
Let it call our faith a dream ;
All the more shall our deep gladness
Take for its transporting theme
This, the crown of all Thy wonders,
This, of all Thy gifts supreme.

Thou wilt not reject our praises,
Thou wilt let our thanks o'erflow ;
What are we, the undeserving,
That of Thy free choice we know
In what true and royal fulness
Thou dost here Thyself bestow ?

God made Man ! 'tis Thine to feed us
With Thy quickening Flesh and Blood,
Who, as Word, and Second Adam,
Well may'st be our Life and Food ;
While, as God's own Lamb, Thou pleadest
All Thy sufferings on the Rood.

Who will ask for outward tokens ?
Here, in Faith's perpetual Sign,
Hold we all that makes Thy Gospel
Most transcendant, most Divine ;
We, whose eyes have seen thee never,
Touch with awe Thy glory-shrine.

Ah ! but thoughts that wrong Thy bounty
Still too oft Thy Spirit grieve ;
When shall all that own Thy Godhead,
And Thy Passion's worth believe,
With entire adoring credence
Thy most holy Gifts receive ?

Richer depths in all Thy teaching
Then may lightened eyes behold ;
And a central fire of worship
Guard the heart from waxing cold ;
And the life of grace mount upward
To the saintly heights of old.

Let it come, that day of blessing !
And our prayer meanwhile shall be,
In ourselves, O Saviour, deepen
Love for this great mystery ;
Yes, and bind us each to other,
While Thou mak'st us one with Thee.

Therefore now, with heads low bending,
Praise we Father, Spirit, Son,
For the Offering that on this life
Sheds the joy of Heaven begun ;
For the Feast that here sustains us,
Till our mansions there be won.

X.

Easter Communion.

THOU that on the first of Easters
Cam'st resplendent from the tomb,
Leaving all Thy linen cerements
Folded in the cavern's gloom,
Come with Thine "All hail" to greet us,
Come our Paschal joy to be ;
Let our Altar, clad in brightness,
Yield a throne of white for Thee.

This shall crown the Queen of Sundays ;
Grant but this, our cup runs o'er ;
Peal on peal of Alleluias
Makes us long for this the more :

Faces bright with Easter gladness
Yet their joy's perfection crave
In the glorious Paschal banquet
Of the King that spoiled the grave.

Thou whose all-transcendant Manhood
Knew not aught of bonds imposed,
Rising ere the stone was lifted,
Passing where the doors were closed ;
Thou whose Name is still the Wondrous,
Is there aught too hard for Thee ?
Let Thy dread and blissful Presence
From our evils make us free.

Agnus Dei ! we are guilty ;
Panis Vitæ ! we are faint ;
But Thou didst not rise at Easter
To be deaf to our complaint :

Come, O come to cleanse and feed us,
Breathing peace and kindling love,
Till Thy Paschal blessings bear us
To the Feast of feasts above.

Hymn for the Close of a Service.¹

AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee ;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of Heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright ;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

¹ Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 280.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence Divine ;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine !

O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are ;

For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—"A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

Intercessory Hymn.

O THOU in whose all-pitying eyes
Each pardoned soul is one more prize,
Thy mercy makes it sweet indeed
For cherished friends to intercede.

But since our love would ne'er abound
If pent in too familiar ground,
In thoughtful moments of the day
For those we know not let us pray.

For all whose faces ne'er we see—
But chiefly those, well known to Thee,
Whose perilled, sickly, struggling soul
Cries out for God to make it whole.

Those most of all, for love's dear sake,
Whose need is all the cry they make,
Whose very depth of ill is this,
Their vanished graces ne'er to miss.

Have mercy, Christ ! on hearts grown cold,
On sheep that long have left Thy fold ;
On souls once full of eyes within,
Now blinded through deceits of sin.

On those, Thine own in earlier youth,
Now coldly asking, " What is truth ? "
Who spurn the way their fathers trod,
Forego their faith, and lose their God.

On tempted souls,—O Saviour, think
Of those who touch the awful brink,
And unrepentant, unforgiven,
This very night may forfeit Heaven.

Send help to all whom ease or toil,
Whom care or wealth, would taint or spoil ;
To those no less, in pain that lie,
Tempted to curse their God and die.

In garrets foul, in cellars dark,
There are on whom is set Thy mark ;
Thou that wast laid in oxen's stall,
O ne'er let misery work their fall.

Once more, for those who never heard
The still small voice of Thy dear Word,
Who in Thy land as heathens roam,
O Christ, we pray Thee,—fetch them home.

Psalms before a Journey.¹

IN ways of peace and gladness
The Lord our footsteps guide,
And His benignant Angel
Be present at our side,
To bring us, safe and thankful,
Where we would fain abide.

Send forth, O God, Thy blessing
From Thy most holy place ;
Be Thou a tower of refuge
From the adversary's face,
And let our souls go onward
In thy sweet paths of grace.

¹ Partly from the "Itinerarium" of the Breviary.

O be our ways directed
Thy righteous laws to keep ;
Make straight the crooked places,
And smooth the pathway steep ;
And bid Thine Angels guard us
With eyes that never sleep.

Come, Thou that led'st our father
From Ur of the Chaldee ;
Who mad'st Thy pilgrim nation
Pass dryshod through the sea ;
Whose bright star led the Sages
To find and worship Thee.

Come, Saviour, as Thou camest
On that first Easter-day,
What time the two disciples
To Emmaus took their way ;
Make *our* heart burn within us,
And ever near us stay.

O come, Divine Companion
Along life's changeful road ;
And prosper all our journey
To Thy dear Saints' abode,
The one continuing City,
The Holy Mount of God.

Confirmation Hymn.¹

BEHOLD us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears ;
Who on Thy throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years ;
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
Who art true Man and perfect God.

To Thee we look,—to none beside ;
Our help is in Thine own dear Name ;
For who on Jesus e'er relied,
And found not Jesus still the same ?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought ;
O stablish well what Thou hast wrought.

¹ *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 353.

From Thee was our Baptismal grace,
The holy seed by Thee was sown ;
In this full sunlight of Thy face
We make the three great vows our own,
And ask, in Thine appointed way,—
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down ;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight, and wear the crown :
We ask the help that bore them through,
We trust the Faithful and the True.

So bless us with the gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful Presence, kind and sweet,
That comes in sevenfold might from heaven :
Eternal Christ ! to Thee we bow :
Give us Thy Spirit here and now.

Penitential Psalms.

I.

Temptation.

THOU that lov'st us dearer far
Than our truest self we love,
Canst re-make whate'er we mar,
Canst our clinging stains remove,
Canst enrich the barren heart
With a boon of gracious tears,
And restore, in whole or part,
E'en the locust-eaten years :¹

Thou that when we scarce can tell
If we love Thee, ay or no,—

¹ Joel ii. 25.

When, as from some deepest well,
Fresh temptations ever flow,
When our souls, 'mid strife intense,
Wage a poor half-hearted fight,—
Still canst be our strong defence,
Out of weakness bring forth might :

Thou to whom our fathers cried,
Cried and were not brought to shame,—
Save us from yon billowy tide,
Snatch us from this brightening flame !
By the precious life-drops spilt
To wash white our loathsome clay,
Let the thoughts that end in guilt
From our bosoms pass away.

Thou to whom that sire distraught
Weeping showed his tortured boy,

Scarce believing, still besought,
Then could scarce believe for joy ;
All we have, O wilt Thou take ?
Longings deep our sins to rue ;
And from poor beginnings wake
Love unfeigned, and penance true.

II.

Contrition.

O GRANT us, Lord, a contrite heart ;
With this our inmost wants begin ;
Bid all the selfish ease depart
That blunts and chills our sense of sin.

Thou heard'st our fathers grace entreat
As men that cry 'mid wreck or fire ;
Their sons the selfsame prayers repeat
With scarce one spark of true desire.

But Thou canst help us, if Thou wilt—
Canst make us stand the Cross beside,
And teach us there to loathe our guilt,
Remembering wherefore Jesus died.

Show us that sin is heartless wrong,
Good Father ! to Thy love so vast,
That bears so much, and waits so long,
To win Thy children home at last.

Grant us to turn, believe, repent ;
Let Thy sweet grace our hardness kill,
And Thy most Holy Sacrament
Confirm in good our faltering will.

III.

Pardon.¹

We know Thee who Thou art,
Lord Jesus, Mary's Son ;
We know the yearnings of Thy heart
To end Thy work begun.

That sacred fount of grace,
'Mid all the bliss of Heaven,
Has joy whene'er we seek Thy face,
And kneel to be forgiven.

Brought home from ways perverse,
At peace Thine arms within,
We pray Thee, shield us from the curse
Of falling back to sin.

¹ Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 337.

We dare not ask to live
Henceforth from trials free ;
But oh ! when next they tempt us, give
More strength to cling to Thee.

We know Thee who Thou art,
Our own redeeming Lord ;
Be Thou by will, and mind, and heart,
Accepted, loved, adored.

A Christmas Carol.

ONCE again, O blessed time,
Thankful hearts embrace thee ;
If we lost thy festal chime,
What could e'er replace thee ?
Change will darken many a day,
Many a bond dissever ;
Many a joy will pass away,
But the “great joy” never !

Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender ;
Once again the Manger-light
Sheds its gentle splendour ;

O could tongues by angels taught
 Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that bought
 All mankind salvation !

Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
 Fount of endless pleasure !
Gates of hell may do their worst,
 While we clasp our Treasure :
Welcome, though an age like this
 Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
 Pleads against denial !

Nay, if others stand apart,
 We will press the nearer ;
Nay, O best fraternal Heart,
 We will hold Thee dearer ;

Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
“ Jesus Christ is GOD WITH US,
Born on Christmas morning ! ”

Teach, O teach us how to find
At Thy manger lowly
All that’s high and strong combined
With whate’er is holy ;
There’s no might can e’er prevail,
Save what Thou containest ;
Earthly guides in turn must fail,—
Thou, the Word, remainest.

So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing ;
Thee true God, and Thee true Man,
On our knees confessing ;

¹ See Liddon’s University Sermons, serm. viii., “ Lessons of the Holy Manger.”

While Thy Birthday thus we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet !
In Thy mercy's ocean.

Thou that once 'mid stable cold
Wast in babeclothes lying,
Thou whose altar-veils enfold
Power and life undying,
Thou whose love bestows a worth
On our poor endeavour,—
Have Thou joy of this Thy birth,
In our praise for ever !

Poem for the Epiphany.

DAWN of our hope ! when first the mystic star
To wise men spake from out that Eastern sky ;
When Gentiles, kept from God so long, so far,
To Him, enthroned on Mary's knees, came nigh,
Low at His feet their treasures to unfold,
And offer gifts—myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

Welcome the feast, that teaches us to feel
How they rejoiced, with what exceeding joy ;
Sets us, in heart, beside them as they kneel
In thankful worship of that infant Boy ;
And calls them firstfruits of the countless band
By Him redeemed from every tribe and land.

Long had the darkness brooded o'er the earth,
As though one only race to Heaven were dear ;
But the sore travail brings the happier birth,
And what are vigils when the morn is near ?
It comes, the day that compensates for all ;
And Matthew antedates the lore of Paul.

“ The fulness of the time ! ” O not too long
That discipline of darkling ages past !
Man from himself would fain be bright and strong,
Must learn his impotence,—did learn at last ;
His failure’s cry went up, as if he prayed,¹
“ O wilt Thou rend the heavens, and come to aid ! ”

“ Drop down, ye heavens, the life-dew from above,
And from the earth let our salvation bloom ! ”
’Tis heard, and answered : lo, Incarnate Love
Is born to cleanse our guilt, and chase our
gloom ;

¹ See Abp. Trench’s Hulsean Lectures, 3rd ed., p. 261.

That so God's banished¹ may return, and dwell
In the true peace of His true Israel.

Welcome, again, the feast that brings to mind
 All heralds of that peace, o'er land and sea,
Who drew the various nations of our kind,
 Healer of all ! by cords of love to Thee :
But since 'twere long to count Thy preachers' host,
Think we of those whose coming cheered our
 coast.

Some names have vanished as they ne'er had been,
 But shine before Thee in Thy book of life ;
Others recall full many a radiant scene,
 With Apostolic power and sweetness rife ;
Adored be Thou for all that hither came,
Torch-bearers of the Pentecostal flame.

¹ 2 Sam. xiv. 14.

Those fires of grace ! they kindle, sparkle, burn,
Through the seven kingdoms casting warmth and
light ;

We see¹ Augustine entering Durovem
In grave procession from St. Martin's height,
With lifted cross and pleading antiphone,
Among the Kentish folk to rear Thy throne ;

Paulinus, with his hand on Edwin's head,
Or christening multitudes in Trent or Swale ;
Rough natures by St. Aidan gently led
With teachings that through wisest love prevail ;
And stubborn London to Thy yoke subdued
By efforts thrice in sixty years renewed.

And Mercia, once the prop of Heathenesse,
Accepts a Celtic prelate's kindly rule ;
Birinus' name his Wessex converts bless,
And Felix binds together church and school ;

¹ Readers of Bede will understand the allusions in these stanzas.

And Wilfrid, helping Sussex in her need,
So gains her heart, and brings her help indeed.

Let England still be Thine—forsake us not !
Good Lord, revive Thy work in midst of years ;
Pour out Thy beams on many a wintry spot,
Estranged from Christian hopes and Christian
fears ;

From godless training keep our children free ;
To doubters grant a glad Epiphany.

And they to whom Thy face is manifest,
Well may they crave Thy touch to stir their will ;
So shall they yield Thee all their very best,
And Thy sweet light shall all their being fill,
And faith be lovelier in their country's eyes,
When Thou hast made their life a living sacrifice.

Poem for Ember Weeks.

FATHER of Lights ! that every day
In threescore years and ten
Dost many a gift to us convey
By hands of brother-men ;

Thus joining heart to heart in love,
And training thus the mind
The source of good in Thee above
By growing faith to find ;

What marvel if in things of grace
Thy rule be still the same ;
If in the Church be found a place
For agents in Thy Name ?

So willed of yore, so willeth yet
Thy Son, by whom we live,
Through stewards o'er His household set
The meat of souls to give.

Their sacred acts, O Christ, are Thine ;
Unseen, yet understood,
Thy touch transforms the bread and wine
To Sacramental food.

By Thee the christening drops are shed
On each new heir of Heaven ;
By Thee the absolving words are said,
By Thee the blessing given.

These acts are all one stream of power
That from Thy Manhood flows,
And still in every place and hour
Thy Passion's fruit bestows.

Lord, grant us in Thy Priests to see
The boon Thy love hath sent;

No barrier 'tween ourselves and Thee,
But Thine own instrument;

To prize Thy City's glorious things
As ne'er we prized before;
And so, borne up on eagle-wings,
Thyself in all adore.

Psalms for Passion-tide.

“ UPON the Cross He died,
He died that we might live :”
The acts that have this faith denied,
O injured Lord ! forgive.

Once more to Thee we turn,
Who livest, and wast dead ;
But yet our thoughts can scarce discern
Thy wounded hands outspread.

When faith prevailed o'er sight,
In sterner, simpler days,
Thy Passion cast a solemn light
On hourly works and ways.

To heart and mind it spoke,
With tears it filled the eye ;
Full oft the spell of sin it broke,
And brought the far-off nigh.

It bade them number o'er
The scars themselves had made ;
They heard a voice—" All this I bore,
And am I thus repaid ? "

But now some earthly chill
Can soon our prayers subdue ;
Can bring to nought our better will,
And hide the Cross from view.

We look, we cry to Thee ;
O grant us, of Thy grace,
The foulness of our sin to see,
The sweetness of Thy face.

As divers minds are bent,
Thy varied sufferings show,
The pangs Thy Body underwent,
Thy Soul's mysterious woe.

Unveil whate'er may best
To Thee our spirits draw,
And fill again the world-worn breast
With contrite, thankful awe.

True Saviour ! by Thy Cross,
And by Thy throne above,
O save us from that sorest loss,
The loss of faith and love.

Easter Hymn.

CHRISTIANS ! let our yearly triumph
Heart and soul and voice employ ;
Hail the feast whose peerless splendour
Darkest change can ne'er destroy ;
Earth has nought so fresh and living
As the Church's Paschal joy.

He is risen for our salvation,
Who for our atonement bled ;
He is risen ! let us His members
Greet our own victorious Head,
And a thousand Alleluias
Hymn the Firstfruits from the dead !

Every sacred hope and promise
Stored through ages past away,
Visions of a conquering Goodness
That from Death should rend the prey,—
Thou fulfilest, thou transcendest,
O incomparable Day !

What if this world's foolish wisdom
Deem thy forces drained and spent ?
If it say that eager credence
To a fond illusion lent
Those poor self-beguiled Apostles
On their fancied mission sent ?

No ! they were not dupes nor dreamers,
Those by whom the Church upgrew :
Tidings that the Lord was risen
Seemed to them a tale untrue,
Till they saw Him, heard Him, touched Him—
Then they spake of what they knew.

Many a seal confirms their witness ;
We, too, see our tokens plain ;
Lives by saintly grace transfigured,
Souls made white from cleaving stain,—
All through faith in Him that suffered
And the third day rose again.

While our human spirit-nature
From its greatness scorns to part,
While across the eternal future
All its deepest searchings dart,
It will hear the Easter message
As from its Creator's heart.

While the unperverted conscience
Feels the one imperious need
To be lightened of its burden,
From its bondage to be freed,
It will own the Slain and Living
As the sinner's Friend indeed.

So all Christian generations
May alike their portion claim
In the blissful Easter worship
Of the world-redeeming Name :
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Jesus Christ is still the same.

Lord, we trust Thee, love Thee, praise Thee ;
Make us more and more Thine own ;
Bear us up, and lead us onward,
Though by paths we have not known,
To the Resurrection sunrise
And the right hand of the Throne !

Hymn for the Transfiguration.

THOU calledst, Lord, Thy servants three
To share a signal grace,—
The inmost light of Heaven to see
Resplendent in Thy face.

They fondly hoped to linger there,
Nor deemed the vision bright
Was given to shield them from despair
On Thine own burial-night.

But now Thy Cross, Redeemer kind,
Reveals Thy glory best :
'Tis there our souls' true King we find,
In love made manifest.

HYMN FOR THE TRANSFIGURATION. 79

O send out thence Thy light and truth
To guide us in Thy way ;
Be Thou the gladness of our youth,
In lengthening years our stay.

So shall that quickening Death of Thine
Our souls from death set free ;
And earthly life shall Heaven-like shine,
Transfigured thus by Thee.

Look on us, Lord ! we make our choice,
And ask all gifts in one—
By faith to know the Father's voice,
And hear Thee as the Son.

Poem for Michaelmas.

THOU in whom our very manhood
Paused not on its upward way,
Till it sat where mightiest Angels
Must adore it and obey,
|| 'Tis with holy pride we bless Thee
On Thy glorious Michael's day.

Chiefest he of heavenly Princes,
Patron of Thy chosen race,
He that drove the ancient rebels
Down to their appointed place,
Calls himself the fellow-servant
Of the least that share Thy grace.

Near him shineth one whose glory
Smote with dread Thy favoured seer ;
He that thrice,¹ with words benignant,
Lifted off the load of fear ;
He that first proclaimed Thy Gospel,
When he hailed Thy Mother dear.

If no more that radiant presence
In Thy servants' path is found,
Yet we lean on Thy sure promise,
Asking not for sight or sound ;
Thou, unseen, art watching o'er us,
And Thy hosts encamp around.

So, if once on young Tobias
Raphael spent a comrade's cares,
Now yet more our several Guardians
Haste to serve salvation's heirs ;

¹ Dan. x. 19; St. Luke i. 23, 30.

'Tis our part in Thee, O Jesus !
Wins us all this love of theirs.

Mindful, then, of all good Angels
In Thy service nobly free,
Let us faintly join their chorus,
While our festal prayer shall be,—
More and more with them unite us
In adoring love to Thee.

Grant us, Lord, their zeal for goodness,
And their loathing hate of ill ;
Let their loyal promptness teach us
How to do the Father's will,
With a keen and stedfast ardour
Each commandment to fulfil.

But we are not, Lord, high-minded ;
Well we know how oft we fall ;

O let Thy converting Spirit
Straight the wandering sheep recall,
Kindling pure Angelic gladness
Through the bright celestial hall.

Let Thy grace yet more restrain us,
Lest anew from Thee we roam ;
And when at Thine awful bidding
Our predestined change shall come,
Grant us peace, and give Thine Angels
Charge to bear our spirits home.

Let them watch our happy mansions,
Where the foe can stretch no rod ;¹
Till the Judgment's thrilling prelude
Pierces through the burial sod,
And the great Archangel calls us
In our flesh to meet our God.

¹ Psalm cxxv. 3.

Psalms for St. Thomas's Day.

How oft, O Lord, Thy face hath shone
On doubting souls, whose wills were true !
Thou Christ of Cephas and of John,
Thou art the Christ of Thomas too.

He loved Thee well, and calmly said,
“ Come, let us go, and die with Him : ”
Yet when Thine Easter-news was spread,
'Mid all its light his eyes were dim.

His brethren's word he would not take,
But craved to touch those hands of Thine :
The bruised reed Thou didst not break ;
He saw, and hailed his Lord Divine.

He saw Thee risen ; at once he rose
To full belief's unclouded height ;
And still through his confession flows
To Christian souls Thy life and light.

O Saviour, make Thy presence known
To all who doubt Thy word and Thee ;
And teach them in that word alone
To find the truth that sets them free.

And we who know how true Thou art,
And Thee as God and Lord adore,
Give us, we pray, a loyal heart,
To trust and love Thee more and more.

Hymn for a Martyr's Day.

SAVIOUR, while we dwell securely
In this quiet resting-place,
And Thine unpolluted altars
Ne'er behold a threatening face,
Let us think of all Thy brave ones,
More than conquerors through Thy grace.

Thou didst make the good confession,
Thou didst bear the witness true,
Which could all the white-robed Army
With supernal force endue,
And in their majestic patience
Somewhat of Thy Cross renew.

Thou wast standing up in glory
Not for Stephen's sake alone,
But for all—for him whose triumph,
Save for Thee, were still unknown ;
Antipas, Thy faithful Martyr,
Slain where Satan fixed his throne.

Through the stern campaign we mark Thee,
Cheering, strengthening, crowning all ;
Present when the Cedron valley
Saw Thy righteous kinsman fall ;
When the blood-stained Harlot City
Slew Thy Peter and Thy Paul.

Thine were they whose mystic voices
'Neath the altar cried, " How long ?"
Thine was he whose grand avowal
Showed how love could make him strong ;
" Eighty years and six I served Him,
And He never did me wrong."

Yes, though oft the prime of manhood
 Won the wreath that ne'er decays,
And a Laurence and a Vincent
 Wear the true victorious bays,
Yet in weakest things of this world
 Thou didst win Thee fullest praise.

Ah ! 'twas like Thee, O my Jesus !
 Richest grace on these to shed ;
On the boyish bloom of Pancras,
 On Pothinus' hoary head,
On the softly-nurtured women
 Following where Perpetua led.

Mothers gladly saw their children
 Death for Mary's Son endure ;
Home and lands young Cyril yielded
 For the Martyr's birthright sure ;
And the once-polluted Afra
 Gained the palm-branch of the pure.

Virgin lips, their Lord confessing,
Trembled not for steel or flames ;
Agnes, Lucy, Faith, Cecilia—
'Tis a joy to speak their names !
Let the hand forget her cunning
If the memory slight their claims.

Ah ! but none, Thou loving Shepherd,
Were more precious in Thine eyes
Than apostates of the moment
Who returned to win the prize,
Saying to the Foe, “ Rejoice not,
Though I fell, He makes me rise.”

And the secret of their conquest
Let Thy Kingdom's records tell ;
'Twas the old Faith once delivered,
Scorned so oft, and proved so well ;
They adored Thee, God Incarnate,
They believed in Heaven and Hell.

Oft Thou heard'st them in the tortures
 Gasping, ere the soul went free—
“Jesus, in Thy cause I suffer¹—
 To Thy Name all praises be !
Rather this—O grant me patience !
 Than eternal loss of Thee.”

Rather this ? O rather all things !
 God our Saviour, keep us Thine ;
In this age's bloodless conflict
 Let us ne'er that faith resign ;
So at length Thy voice shall own us,
 “These were true to Me and Mine.”

¹ *Ruinart, Act. Mart. (Act. SS. Saturnini, &c.).*

Psalms for the Foundation of Keble College.¹

HAIL to Thee, the sole Foundation
Once for God's true builders laid,
Thee, whose Name is full Salvation,
Thee, our all-sufficing Aid !
What if clouds are darkening o'er us,
What if sterner grows the fight ?
Thou art passing on before us,
Thou canst turn our gloom to light.

Of Thy mercies' course unbroken
Gladdening all Thine Israel's way,
Thou couldst give no dearer token
Than the name we greet this day ;

¹ Used at the laying of the first stone of the College, April 25, 1868, and of its Chapel, April 25, 1873.

For that blended strength and sweetness,
And that heart so true to Thine,
Took from Thee their rich completeness,
Glowed from touch of love Divine.

So the same high Faith confessing
Which his life with brightness filled,
Christ our God ! we seek Thy blessing,
Ere for Thee we rise and build :
Here, in light of Christian duty,
Let Thy changeless truth be known ;
Show to loyal souls Thy beauty,
Fix in loving hearts Thy throne.

The Sympathies of Christ.

“ ONE Person in two Natures,—God and Man ;”
On this high rock Thy Church’s feet are set ;
So at Chalcedon her confession ran,
And so she owns Thee yet.

But oft the mind, in this our pilgrim state,
Truth in two aspects can but dimly see ;
And in our weakness oft we separate
What thus are joined in Thee.

So, knowing all God’s worship to be Thine,
We strain our souls to praise Thee, Light of Light ;
But Thou art not less human than Divine,
Thy Manhood claims its right.

We say, "He searcheth all things—through and
through

Scans what arose from nothing at his call ;
Therefore He knows our sorrows." True, O true !
But, Brother ! is that all ?

Thou took'st on Thee this flesh and soul of ours ;
And they, by that assumption glorified,
And now enriched with yet sublimer powers,
For ever Thine abide.

And therefore, O most merciful High Priest !
Thy human Heart is strong to sympathize
At once with all Thy chiefest and Thy least ;
All meet those tenderest eyes,

And claim alike the fulness of Thy care,
That broods o'er all and each with ample wing ;
The Holy Church—a little one in prayer—
A Christian people's king ;

Glad hearts that thank Thee while they taste their
joy ;

Men at life's task, who work, and worship too ;
Each earnest loving soul of youth or boy
Whom grace keeps pure and true ;

Watchers that strive for hope when hope is none ;
Spirits worn out with lonely grief or pain ;
Each tearful mother pleading for the son
She ne'er may greet again ;

The faithful met to share the Sacrifice ;
Pastors in toil, and minds oppressed with doubt ;
Wanderers that groan, " I will, I will arise,
He will not cast me out ; "

All these, and every soul Thy Blood has bought,
May find in Thee a perfect human Friend ;
To each the vastness of Thy human thought
Doth full attention bend.

And as Thy Flesh is ne'er bestowed in part,
So comes entirely, simply, as a whole,
This real Presence of Thy mind and heart
To each believing soul.

So let us welcome this surpassing grace,
This wondrous fruit of Incarnation's tree ;
Spring forth to meet Thy brotherly embrace,
And yield ourselves to Thee.

The Communion of Saints.

WHEN Heaven's high doors were lifted up,
And, bright with many a royal crown,¹
The Flesh that drained the Passion-cup
In majesty of God sat down,
Then, then, O miracle of love !
The gulf was bridged, the bars were riven,
And things below met things above,
And earth was clasped in arms of Heaven.

So now to our true Sion height²
We in this mortal life are come ;
E'en now we hail, by faith's pure light,
The many mansions of our home :

¹ Rev. xix. 12.

² Hebrews xii. 22.

E'en now, ere dust returns to dust,
That far-spread host of Angel powers,
That concourse of the first-born just,
In Christ, the Head of all, are ours.

If thus of old the Spirit taught,
If thus we sing in daily Creed,
Then who from heaven hath tidings brought
That Saints can take of us no heed ;
That sympathies are quenched and chilled
In souls from touch of sin set free,
In harboured ones that prayer is stilled
For brethren tossed on this world's sea ?

No—while the Lamb that once was slain
Stands forth to take our sins away,
One impulse thrills the ransomed train,
O doubt it not ! through Him they pray :

Like one that runs and never faints,
Borne up by strength beyond his own,
That fervent charity of Saints
With eagle flight surrounds the throne.

Strong love, that stirs the bowers of rest !
New partners of their joy they crave ;
“ Bring all, O Father, to Thy breast,
Yon struggling Church uphold and save.”
From Mary Mother in her bliss
To Saints whose white is newly worn,
All strive with eager cry like this
To speed Thy work, O Virgin-born !

Ah, dearest Lord—ah, sacred Heart !
Thine, first and last, the work must be ;
None else therein can claim a part,
For none has borne our sin save Thee :

Alas, that Christian hearts should e'er
 Keep Christ at distance in their need,
Or all His servants' love compare
 With that which made the Five Wounds bleed !

Therefore to Thee our prayer goes up,
Therefore to Thee our heart is given ;
For Thou alone didst drink the cup,
 And Thou art man's High Priest in heaven :
In fellowship with friends above
 O make us tread their upward way,
Till simply, solely through Thy love,
 We stand beside them on that Day !

Acts of Prayer.

WHERE'ER thy knees are bent, 'tis awful ground,
God's throne before thee, and His hosts around :
But turn to Him in whom two natures meet,
His grace Divine, His human love entreat :
To God thy Father tell thy guilt and shame,
And pardon crave in God thy Brother's name :
And more than pardon—more He fain would give ;
Ask all thou need'st, a worthier life to live :
Nor ask for self alone ; He bids thee dare
All, whom thy love can reach, enfold in prayer :
More warmly then thy gratitude shall glow,
In praising Him that makes thy cup o'erflow ;
Whose sweetness bids thee trustfully commend
Whate'er thou hast and art to thine eternal Friend.

The Atonement.

FATHER in Heaven ! when on the Cross we see
Our Substitute who makes amends to Thee,
On whom the burden of our guilt is laid,
In whom Thy truth and mercy shine displayed,
Who into deepest harmonies can draw
Thy sweet compassion and Thy righteous law,
His stripes our health, His bondage our release,
His pain the chastisement that wins our peace ;
Who o'er our frailty can His mantle spread,
And make a perfect answer in our stead ;
Our Victim, Pontiff, Ransomer, and thus,
In plenitude of meaning, slain *for us* :

Forthwith objectors, not of scornful mood,
But jealous for the truth that Thou art good,
Yet all too prompt within themselves to find
A measure of the Eternal will and mind,
With earnest voice the Church's faith reprove,
Saying,—we wrong Thy justice, or Thy love.

Thy love? the soul may answer, “Could there be
Kindness like this, which gives its best for me?
So of God's love I gain a fuller sense,
Than if it triumphed at His law's expense.”

Thy justice? Lo, the self-made Sacrifice!
Of pure, benign free will He bleeds and dies;
He that, as second Adam of our race,
By right supreme could stand in all men's place;
And add this grander truth, which, most of all,
Our censors need to ponder or recall,
Of Adam's sons who this life's path have trod,
The Crucified alone was truly God.

Believe but this,—the cause of Faith is won ;
The Father's dealings with the Eternal Son,
Their plan of rescue for our fallen dust,
Above all thought must tower, Divinely just.

Believe but this,—then tax us, friends, no more
With deeming God reluctant to give o'er
His wrathful purpose, till the pleading force
Of Jesus' Blood prevailed to change His course.
No ! one in essence, one in majesty,
Father and Son must one in counsel be ;
Not readier this to judge, or that to bless ;
In each all love, in each all holiness ;
The Father's pitying care the Cross ordained,
His own high law of right the Son sustained.

Believe but this,—in awful light shall glow
The healing virtues of that wondrous woe ;

What marvel, when the Lord our God most high,
Clothed in our flesh, was lifted up to die,
If then His Godhead to His Manhood gave
Merit and force a thousand worlds to save ?
If still ye ask, what reasoning can explain
How Substitution can be aught but vain,
How one can turn aside another's fate,—
The question waits for answer ;—let it wait.
But note this only,—'tis a faith ye find
Deep in the fountain-thoughts of all mankind ;
If hid from sight its primal essence lies,
Prayer is a mystery kin to Sacrifice ;
And if sin-offerings mock the soul indeed,
A dark doubt follows—Who can intercede ?

Ritual.

WHEN to Thy beloved on Patmos,
Through the open door in Heaven,
Visions of the perfect worship,
Saviour ! by Thy love were given,
Surely *there* was truth and spirit,
Surely *there* a pattern shown
How Thy Church should do her service,
When she came before the Throne.

O the censer-bearing Elders,
Crowned with gold and robed in white !
O the Living Creatures' anthem,
Never resting day or night !

And the thousand choirs of Angels,
With their voices like the sea,
Singing praise to God the Father,
And, O Victim Lamb, to Thee !

Lord, bring home the glorious lesson
To their hearts, who strangely deem
That an unmajestic worship
Doth Thy majesty beseem ;
Show them more of Thy dear Presence,
Let them, let them come to know
That our King is throned among us,
And His Church is Heaven below.

Then shall Faith read off the meaning
Of each stately ordered rite,
Dull surprise and hard resistance
Turn to awe and full delight ;

Men shall learn how sacred splendour
Shadows forth the pomps above,
How the glory of our altars¹
Is the homage of our love.

'Tis for Thee we bid the frontal
Its embroidered wealth unfold,
'Tis for Thee we deck the reredos
With the colours and the gold;
Thine the floral glow and fragrance,
Thine the vestures' fair array,
Thine the starry lights that glitter
Where Thou dost Thy Light display.

'Tis to Thee the chant is lifted,
'Tis to Thee the heads are bowed ;
Far less deep was Israel's rapture
When the glory filled the cloud :

¹ A phrase of Bishop Sparrow's; "Rationale," p. 46.

O our own true God Incarnate,
What should Christians' Ritual be
But a voice to utter somewhat
Of their pride and joy in Thee !

What but this ? yet since corruption
Mars too oft our holiest things,
In the form preserve the spirit,
Give the worship angel-wings ;
Till we gain Thine own high temple,
Where no tainting breath may come,
And whate'er is good and beauteous
Finds with Thee a perfect home.

After a Festival at Oxford.

ON that day of faith profound and tender,
When we drew so near the Fount of grace,
When our Whitsun feast's entrancing splendour
Shone like beams from one all-radiant Face ;

When in those young hands the Cross was lifted,
When with hymns went forth our choral train,
Wherfore then, O heart, before thee drifted
Shadowy bodings fraught with anxious pain ?

O sweet time of gladness blent with duty !
Other days will come, unlike to thee,
When thy calm bright form of holiest beauty
We shall sorely long for—shall not see.

AFTER A FESTIVAL AT OXFORD. 111

Days to try the inmost life's foundations ;
Days to search us, piercing like a sword ;
Oh, if one of us, 'mid new temptations,
If but one should break with Him, our Lord !

O true God, Almighty, everliving !
O true Brother, kindest, best of all !
Thou whose heart finds triumph in forgiving,
Thou that answerest e'en before we call !¹

Thee we need, to hold Thy hands above us,
Thee to guard us through our journey's length ;
All is well if Thou, who so canst love us,
Wilt but make us go from strength to strength.

Now, when months of absence must divide us
Emblem of the years of earthly change,
O the joy, if, whatsoe'er betide us,
Nothing shall from Thee our hearts estrange !

¹ Isa. lxv. 24.

112 *AFTER A FESTIVAL AT OXFORD.*

So, whene'er we bend before the altar
 Where the Church Thy saving Passion pleads,
Fill, O Christ, with faith too strong to falter
 Each that for his brethren intercedes.

Tribulation and Wealth.

“SUFFERING is learning ;” so of old ’twas writ ;¹
And well the pensive minds of Hellas knew
That insolence was oft to grandeur knit,
And out of power a soul’s corruption grew.

Therefore they marvelled at Timoleon’s life,
Bright with success, but self-renouncing still ;²
Or hers, of kings the daughter, sister, wife,
Whose heart was ne’er elate with blind self-will.³

¹ Herod. i. 207.

² Grote, Hist. Gr. vii. 601.

³ Thuc. vi. 59.

The phrase might seem an echo of the Book
That tells how men, 'mid life's delicious flow,
Their strength or wisdom for their fortress took,
And were in pride uplifted,—for their woe.¹

And be the warning precious, whensoe'er
Soft ease would fan us with her fragrant wings,
And we, too prosperous, in the sunshine fair
Forget God's presence, and the Four Last
Things.

But dare we deem that only in success
Our life's probation or our danger lies ;
That pain, by law of nature, needs must bless,
And sorrow fix our treasure in the skies ?

¹ 2 Chr. xxvi. 16, &c.

Too well we know what fierce unchanging spite
With versatile resource pursues its prey ;
Whose arrows find us when our path is bright,
And pierce us in the dark and cloudy day.

Why else do sinners, for each stroke or loss
More prone to trespass, fill the sacred theme,
Wretches who hang rebellious on a cross,
Who gnaw their tongues for anguish, and
blaspheme?¹

For pain can harden, grief can isolate,
And chill, too oft, the love that sprang from
joy ;
A sudden shock the faith of years abate,
And death's last agonies the soul destroy.

¹ Rev. xvi. 10, 11.

And where, O Christ, is safety? Where indeed,
But in the grace which taught Thy glorious
Paul
How to abound, and how to suffer need,
To face all changes, and be Thine through all?

To Thee who canst not change, our saving
Health,
Shall this deep prayer by stedfast faith be
poured,—
In time of tribulation and of wealth,
Be near, to save us from ourselves, O Lord.

Patience.

"In patience make your souls your own;"¹

When darksome days were near,
This rule He gave, to guard His flock
From restlessness and fear.

Yet, Lord, from other lips than Thine
The words might seem to speak
Of Heathen calmness, self-upheld
And scorning to be weak ;

The philosophic height of soul,
That counteth nothing great,²
And in the face of shock or storm
Relies on power innate.

¹ St. Luke xxi. 19, κτήσασθε.

² Arist. Eth. iv. 3.

But all the goodness of pride
Thou bidd'st Thine own abjure,
And find in nothingness confessed
The strength that standeth sure.

Yes ; we are nothing—Thou art all !
That creed, implanted deep,
Shall nerve us, in the evil day
A good heart still to keep.

If tidings of a wide distress
Ring like a funeral sound,
With anguish thickening o'er the earth,
And terrors all around ;

What joy, to set the Name of Christ
Between our souls and harm,
And cast the weight of all our care
On Thy sufficing arm !

What peace, to welcome all Thy will,
Bid faithless fears depart,
And sanctify the Lord our God
Within the trustful heart !

So as of old Thy Spirit's force
A shrinking prophet steeled,¹
To grace in its transforming might
Shall nature's weakness yield.

For this is man's true dignity,
To lean on God above ;
The kingly power of self-control
Comes with the gift of love.²

This is the patience born of faith,
That sets the whole man free,
And makes our souls our own in truth,
By offering them to Thee.

¹ Jer. i. 18.

² 2 Tim. i. 7,

Thankfulness.

"Tis not for nothing, Lord, we read
How, in the Church's golden prime,
The readiest for Thy cause to bleed,
The men in thought and act sublime,
Whose names beam out like stars in heaven,
Whose memory all Thy liegemen bless,
Were those to whom Thy love had given
The boon of life-long thankfulness.

Full well they knew 'twas meet and right
To mingle constant praise with prayer,
To render thanks with all their might,
For all things, always, everywhere ;

So Cyprian with thanksgiving glowed,
Soon as he heard the doom of death ;
And "Praise to God for all things" flowed
From Chrysostom's departing breath.

But far and wide the grace was cast,
The seed of love was broadly sown ;
By "Deo gratias," as they passed,
The faithful folk were surest known ;
That watchword for the daily strife
Might well their tongues and thoughts employ,
Who made the Church transform their life,
And the great Offering crown their joy.

Let their example teach us, Lord,
One secret of the life divine ;
How in the thankful breast are stored
Forces that make the whole man Thine.

Who bids his heart go forth in love
To Thee that far exceed'st it still,
Sets all within him free to move
In concert with Thine own dear will.

Ah ! well may lives be poor and base,
When hearts to Thee are hard and cold !
O grant, in love, that quickening grace,
Which yet Thy justice might withhold.
Thou that didst turn the flinty rock
At once into a springing well,
Our closed affection canst unlock,
And make our lips Thy mercies tell.

So grant us, first, a worthier sense
Of gifts that form our special share,
Each gracious call and influence,
Each friend raised up, each answered prayer ;

Then make us wing a broader flight,
Help us to bless Thee while we scan
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of Thy redeeming work for man.

But while we long, as long we must,
More gladness in Thy praise to know,
Preserve us, lest we put our trust
In keen emotion's fitful glow ;
Let every hymn that thrills the breast
A duteous habit serve to feed ;
So thankful words shall please Thee best,
When bearing fruit in life and deed.

Single-Mindedness.

Of all the precious gifts, O Lord,
Thy mercy can impart,
Whate'er Thou willest to withhold,
O grant a perfect heart !¹

Behold us, how we feebly float
Through many a changing mood ;
How oft one flash of thought annuls
Our firmest choice of good.

We sin, repent, and fondly think
Our hill is now made strong ;
Our state of grace, restored, abides—
Thou knowest, Lord, how long !

¹ Chron. xxviii. 9, &c.

Alas, for prayer-made purposes
That live not half the day—
For goodness like the morning cloud,
Like dews that pass away !

Alas, this paltry doubleness
Puts all our life to shame,
And brands on us, baptized for Truth,
The self-deceiver's name.

Thou knowest all ; but, gracious Lord,
We know Thou didst intend
That we should hold the one true course
To Thee, our one true End.

O take our incoherent wills,
And set them straight with Thine !
Our broken threads of moral life
In one strong whole combine ;

Make us each day more fixed in love,
To Thee more simply given,
Till Perseverance lands us safe
In Thine unchanging Heaven.

Zeal.

WHEREFORE ask if Heaven's true pilgrims
 Found less hindrance on their way,
In the old rough-handed ages,
 Than in our fair modern day?
God keeps watch o'er all probations,
 Helping those that strive and pray.

Ah ! but now His pitying Angels
 See full many a fall begin
When this age's worldly softness
 Penetrates the soul within,
Till it looks with half-allowance
 On the ghastly face of Sin.

For all facts must have their welcome,
All opinions claim their right ;
And the calm impartial blandness
So befools our moral sight,
That we scarcely dare to whisper,
“ This is darkness, that is light.”

“ Ye that love the Lord, hate evil !”¹
O let this forgotten lore
Send the fire of just discernment
Burning through our souls once more ;
Make us humbly, bravely zealous
For the God our lips adore.

Save us, Lord, from base contentment
When Thine honour lacks its due ;

¹ Psalm xcvi. 10.

In our chilled and languid spirits
 Wake the manful faith anew,
That the vile is not the precious,
 And the false is not the true.

Lobe.

*"Ubi charitas et amor."*¹

WHERE is Love's abode,
There we find our God.
One and all for love of Christ assembling,
Let us find in Christ our joyous cheer ;
Serve the living God with love and trembling,
To our brethren cleave with hearts sincere.

Where is Love's abode,
There we find our God.

So when thus as brothers we are meeting,
Take we heed that nought our souls divide ;

¹ From the Roman office for washing the feet on Maundy Thursday.

Sounds of strife and malice far be fleeting,

So shall Christ our God with us abide.

Where is Love's abode,

There we find our God.

So 'mid all Thy Saints with exultation,

Christ our God, Thy face may we behold ;

O the pure joy, passing estimation,

Through the life that endless years unfold !

Where is Love's abode,

There we find our God.

Hiding from God.

HITHER from Eden-gates—a long, long road !
 Yet whoso looks around, too clearly sees
Marks of the twain that hid themselves from God
 Behind the garden trees.

The age denies Him not, but blindly strives
 To thrust His active presence far away,
Back from the scene of daily thoughts and lives
 To some dim elder day.

Little it costs to call Him primal Cause :
 More to confess that, since He reigneth still,
The sequences men deem eternal laws
 Obey His sovereign will :

Yet more, to own His full imperial right
O'er all the souls and intellects He gave ;
And from that claim perpetual, infinite,
 No freedom e'er to crave.

So men, by some dark impulse, break the cord
That bound their sires to worship and to faith ;
They will not know the terrors of the Lord,
 Nor bow to all He saith

Of sin and judgment ; no ! they cannot brook
What seems a mystic saying, or a stern ;
And from His Church interpreting His Book
 They will not stoop to learn.

And so for solid faith they substitute
A mass of fluid thoughts, but half believed ;
And plant the flowers of love, without the root
 Of sacred facts received,

Of doctrines strong to heal, amend, uplift ;
And finding thus no virtue in a Creed,
They welcome not the all-surpassing gift
Of God made Flesh indeed.

And they whose worldly peace would feel a sting
If the Most High were thought to come so near,
May well ignore His Sacraments, that bring
All Heaven around us here.

So cries the world to Heaven, “Depart from us !”
And shall we with the world our portion choose ?
Not thus, all-gracious Lord, O never thus
May we our bliss refuse !

No—let us open wide our spirit’s door
To all that speaks and witnesses of Thee ;
And hasten to the Light, that more and more
Our lives may lightened be.

O loving Presence ! beam through mind and heart ;
Possess us wholly ; come, in fulness come ;
Nor e'er hereafter say, " Let Us depart,"
But, " This shall be My home."

The Corner-Stone, a Stumbling Stone.

ONE mystery of the inner life

We tremble while we scan ;

God sendeth days with good most rife,

Most perilous to man.

When sacred truth is fullest taught,

And grace flows far and wide,

They seem most rudely set at nought,

Most thanklessly defied.

Can hardened hardness be the effect

Of more outspoken love ?

Can He, the Corner-stone Elect,

A stone of stumbling prove ?

Yea, so He willed, who fashioned thus
 The gift of choice we share ;
For when He deigns to visit us,
 He lays our spirit bare.

His presence, like a potent test,
 Appealing to our will,
Intensifies within the breast
 Our force of good or ill.

Its voice the wise have understood ;
 They cry, “ Thy servants hear ; ”
While some shrink farther from their good,
 Because it comes so near.

A dread rehearsal of the Doom
 Thus holds its gradual sway,
And men far distant from the tomb
 Are judged from day to day ;

As each makes answer to the voice,
In severed ranks they stand ;
On each, for every godless choice,
Is marked a deeper brand.

O set for rising and for fall,¹
This tells us why of yore
Thou wouldest not manifest to all
What loving hearts adore :

So now, whene'er, with wondering grief,
Thy truth divine we see
Awakening fiercer unbelief
Where joyous faith should be ;

Let no impatience of Thy wrong
Keep back our pitying prayers,
That those for whom Thou tarriest long
May find our Jesus—theirs.

¹ St. Luke ii. 34.

The Greatness of Common Life.

FULL oft in dull unbroken flow
The river of our life steals on ;
And thoughts that once could make it glow
Are all too willingly foregone.

Some light it takes from Heaven—and yet
The round of small prosaic cares
Wins, day by day, more power to set
A gulf between us and our prayers.

Our inner self, impoverished thus,
Becomes a thrall of trivial things ;
And O what grand designs for us
Our paltriness to failure brings !

And still we tread on wondrous ground,
And need but grace to hear and see
What splendours gird our spirits round,
What voices call us, Lord, to Thee !

Each least eventful hour is fraught
With helps and harms no tongue can tell ;
Nor leaves us till our souls are brought
Nearer, one step, to Heaven or Hell.

All day the realms of love and hate,
Of life and death, for us contend ;
Though tarrying long and coming late,
Yet each day nearer draws the end.

Think we on both those kingdoms dread ;
Nor list the lion roaring nigh,
Without a gaze on hands outspread,
That ceaseless plead for us on high.

Thou Christ enthroned ! that form of Thine
Can best light up our common days,
Till earthly tameness grows divine,
And homely work shows forth Thy praise.

Secular Opinion.

YE say, “The chiefs of worldly thought
Our motives and our acts misread,
And scan through some deforming mist
The beauteous Cause for which we plead.

“ Our loyal zeal for Faith they call
The instinct of a priestly caste,
A love of dull dogmatic form,
A helpless yearning o'er the past.

“ They wave us off, they talk us down,
With subtle sneer and clamour loud ;
At every turn our soul is filled
With all the scorn of all the proud.”

Be patient, friends ; look up to Heaven,
And in the appointed future trust ;
Nor fret if censors do you wrong,
Who cannot, if they would, be just.

A veil before their sight is spread ;
The whole grand case they cannot see ;
No marvel if in Babel's ears
Your Creed an idle tale should be.

They know not that the Faith is true,
That all high Powers are on your side ;
God's Kingdom and its wondrous work
Are by their shallowness denied.

'Tis lack of sense for greatest things
That fosters this complacent scorn,
And makes the World in every age
Against the Church lift up her horn.

Dear friends, accept this little cross,
And let man's judgment have its way ;
And when contemned or slandered most,
Be patient—think of Christ—and pray :

“ Lord, give us brave and cheerful faith,
To do Thy work and wait Thine hour,
And know, whate'er Opinion's force,
Thine is the kingdom and the power.”

Antichrist.

YES, he will come ; God knoweth when or where ;—

But we may see, perchance,

Around us tokens, neither dim nor rare,

That herald his advance :

Lord Jesus, root Thy love our hearts within,

Our safeguard when we name the Man of Sin.

Whene'er we look beyond the holiest ground,

What signs unblest appear !

Such hate of zeal, such earthliness profound,

Such lack of godly fear,

Such wrath provoked by Doctrine's very name,

Such fixed rejection of Thy Kingdom's claim !

Content with nature, thousands cast out grace
From their Pelagian creed ;

No marvel, then, they give a Church no place
Whereof they feel no need.

So when she stands across their state-craft's way,
"No king but Cæsar," sums up all they say.

To scorn her priests, her Sacraments disown,
Seems but a light thing now ;
Men call their conscience,—free, supreme, alone,—
The Word to which they bow ;
And fast outgrow the credence of their youth,
That Christ is God, and all His words are truth.

These are the shadows, gathering darker gloom
Ere yet the storm breaks out ;
Ere Europe sees a modern Heathendom,
With wild blaspheming rout,
Break every bond, and cast off every cord
That links the Christian races to their Lord.

And daily bolder grows their downward course
Who turn from Christ away,
To worship human genius, grandeur, force,—
Whose hopes await the day
When,—creed and prayer 'neath feet of Progress
trod,—
Earth shall re-echo—“Man alone is God.”

Ah ! then shall he that leads that cry accurst
'Mid rebels wear the crown ;
Of worldly heroes proudest, last, and worst,
Shall see the world bow down,
Its sin shall concentrate, its power shall wield,
And face the Church as Antichrist revealed.

Apostates' type and chief, and idol too,
'That lawless one¹ shall tower

¹ 2 Thess. ii. 8, *διάβολος*. See Archbishop Trench's Five Sermons in 1856, p. 19.

Enthroned in temples reared for worship true,
And have his destined hour
To speak great words against the Lord on high,
And strive to make His saints His Name deny.

Sternest of trials ! who shall come forth bright ?
They, only they, that cling,
As with both hands, with heart and soul and might
To their Incarnate King :—
Lord, help us now to prize what then shall be
Their one support—the Faith that lives on Thee.

Hell.

“ NOT true—not true ! our souls protest—
From that fell yoke our minds are free ; ”
So raves the cry of fierce unrest—
“ Eternal Death ? It shall not be !

“ For ended faults, an endless pain ?
All mercies lost in vengeful ire ?
Nay, more—God’s justice ye profane,
Who say it feeds a quenchless fire.

“ Sooner than woe should aye endure,
Perish the hope of constant bliss !
Nor say Christ’s words have made it sure ;
They could not mean a doom like this.”

They could not mean? O blinded hearts,
What means your strife with that high law
That forms us free to take our parts,
And makes us hold ourselves in awe?

Go, read the cause of endless death
In that dire mystery of a will
That holds, beyond the parted breath,
Its fixed persistent choice of ill.

Ye dare not say, "No choice can last,"
Or, "God must needs our freedom quell;"
Then learn, 'tis no mere vanished past
That calls for penal throes in Hell.

No! 'tis the soul whose will intense
Survives Probation's measured day,
And bidding goodness still "Go hence,"
Finds answer, "Take thine own dark way."

Heed this, O man, ere grace be spent ;
To fall from God and scorn to rise,
To sink in woes and ne'er repent,
This makes the death that never dies.

St. Polycarp at Rome.

It is the gentle Anicete that sits in Peter's chair,
And close beside him he hath placed a man of
snow-white hair,
Whose face with pure angelic light for eighty years
hath shone,
And whose majestic brows have felt the sacred
hands of John.

'Tis he, the saint of fruitful life, who keeps, as well
he may,
The lore he learned of old from him who on God's
bosom lay ;

Why brings he all this weight of years across the
broad sea-foam,
By no stern Cæsar's bidding forced to tread the
streets of Rome?

Though common love to Him, the Good, and faith
in Him, the True,
Keep Asian Churches and the West in union glad
and due,
By differing rules they count the time when Lenten
fast should close,
And Easter hymns rise up to greet our Life who
died and rose.

And so two bishops, host and guest, fraternal
converse hold,
But neither dares resign the use bequeathed by
saints of old;

Enough for them the bond intense of worship and
of creed,
And more,— of *that* which makes the Church one
loaf, one flesh indeed.¹

For Eucharist on Sunday morn the City's faithful
meet,
But not to hear the hallowing words from lips of
Anicete :
He from the altar stands apart, and does but point
the way ;
“ Brother and Father, take my place ; be Rome's
High Priest this day.”

Since Clement passed within the veil, what day in
Rome like this ?
When e'en the holiest joy of all becomes a deeper
bliss ;

¹ Euseb. v. 24.

One crowded scene of bending heads, of fixed and
glistening eyes,
While Smyrna's Angel pleads to God the eternal
Sacrifice !

Ah ! could they see, by prophet-glance, what few
short years must bring,
The welcome smiled on sharpest death for Christ
his " Saviour King,"
His martyr-flame, a Paschal light of Smyrna's
Easter Eve,
Might thrill with awe those loving hearts, but could
not pain or grieve.

And when, ere long, that triumph bright was told
from far away,
It bade the young of Rome's fair flock through life
recall the day,

When childish palms received the gift which bears
each pilgrim on,
From God's great Martyr Polycarp, who saw the
face of John.

The Vision of Saturus.¹

THIS was my vision. We had suffered all,
Had passed from out the flesh, and had begun
A journey eastward, borne by Angels four,
Albeit with their hands they touched us not.
They bore us, yet we moved not as supine,
But as men do that climb a gentle slope.

And when set free from earth, we first beheld
A light immense ; and to Perpetua then,
For she was by my side, "Behold," I said,
"What the Lord promised ; now 'tis ours indeed."

¹ About 202. Translated from Ruinart, Act. Mart. (Pass. SS. Perpetuae, &c.)

And while the Angels bore us on, we reached
A mighty space as 'twere of garden ground,
Where rose-trees grew, and every kind of flower.
The trees were like the cypress for their height,
And ceaseless fell their leaves. And there we
 found

Four other Angels, brighter than the rest,
Who, seeing, did us honour, and exclaimed,
Admiring, to their fellows, "Lo ! they come,
They come !" Whereon the four that carried us
Were struck with awe, and set us on our feet ;
And so we fared along, a stadium's length,
On a broad way, and met Astaxius,
Jocundus, Saturninus, Martyrs all
In this same persecution, burnt alive,
With Quintus, who himself a Martyr died
While yet in prison ; and we asked of them
Where dwelt the rest. But then the Angels spake ;
"Come first and enter in, and greet the Lord."

Then came we near a place whereof the walls
Seemed built of light ; and at the gateway stood
Four Angels, who on all that entered in
Put garments white. So clad, we entered in,
And saw a light immense, and heard a sound
Of many voices, that unceasingly
Cried “Agios ! Agios ! Agios !” In the midst
We saw One seated, like a white-haired man,
With snowy hair and youthful countenance,
Whose feet we saw not. On His left and right
Were four-and-twenty elders ; at their back
Stood many others. And we entered in,
Greatly amazed, and stood before the throne :
And the four angels held us up, and then
We kissed Him, and He passed His hand across
Our faces. Then the other elders spake ;
“Let us stand up.” We stood ; the Peace went
round.
Again they said to us, “Go forth and play.”

Then I ; "Perpetua, now thou hast thy wish."

"Yea, thanks to God," she answered ; "in the
flesh

Right glad I was, but now still gladder here."

So passed we forth.

And standing at the gate,

We came to know by face a multitude

Of brethren and of Martyrs ; and we all

Drank in a fragrance rich beyond all words,

That satisfied all cravings, e'en like food.

Then I awoke rejoicing.

The First Exile of St. Athanasius.

HE stands beneath the walls of Trier,
Beside the broad Moselle ;
And eyes of fellow-exiles dear
With fond observance dwell
On that slight form and beauteous face
Of their true Father Athanase.

No captive durance theirs to brook,
Though sore they long for home ;
Amazed, on arch and tower they look,
The fair fresh work of Rome,
That travellers of the after-day
Shall see in grand and stern decay.

Musing he stands, that king of men ;
His thought unspoken flows
Now to his orphan'd flock—and then
To his insatiate foes :
He saw the mark their hatred sought ;
They struck through him at what he taught.

For this they leagued to hunt him down,
To brand his name—for this !
But slander-plots could ne'er uncrown
A soul so high as his,
Who, sweetly strong, and calmly great,
Knew how to strive, and how to wait.

Ask we the secret of his strength ?
Ask what his heart believed ;—
The truth, in all its breadth and length,
From Paul and John received :
What nerved him such a course to run
Was love to God's Eternal Son.

"Twas not the mere polemic zeal
For Council or for Creed ;
For both he set his face like steel,
To serve the Church's need ;
But both were prized for His dear sake
Whose rights were in that strife at stake.

" My Christ, my God !" from boyhood's prime
This was his spirit's cry ;
It deepened, as the appointed time
Brought keener trials nigh ;
More bright, more pure, the inward flame
Glowed for a worshipped Saviour's name.

One image, stamped on heart and mind,
To mould, inform, direct,
Those richly-varied powers combined
For one supreme effect ;
And " all to all " he well might be,
Who in that Light would all things see.

“Who lives in Christ”—O mark his lore
From Trier to Egypt sent!¹
“He conquers, e'en as Paul of yore
Through pain to triumph went;”
Thus, while to seeming ruin hurled,
Faith's hero-saint o'ercame the world.

To Thee, in glory throned above,
True Son of God! we pray,
Grant us, with loyal constant love,
Throughout our pilgrim-day
To hold, by Thy sustaining grace,
The precious faith of Athanase.

¹ S. Athan. Fest. Ep. 10., A.D. 338.

Theodore of Antioch.¹

BEFORE Apollo's altar,
In Daphne's sacred wood,
With visage pale and anxious
The crowned Apostate stood ;
By slaughtered bulls, and incense,
And many a choral strain,
He craved response from Phœbus,—
For hours he sought in vain.

Like Baal's priest on Carmel,
For fire-sign struggling hard,
So found he none to answer,
Nor any to regard ;

¹ See Soc. iii. 18, 19. Soz. v. 19, 20.

Till trembling, as with anguish,
At length the pontiff said,
“If thou wouldest end his silence,
First take thou hence the Dead.

“For know, thy brother Gallus
Erewhile the coffin laid
Of Babylas the Bishop
Within this holy glade :”
“No marvel,” Julian answered,
That no response might come ;
Go, warn the Galileans
To bear the carcase home.”

We heard, we rushed from Antioch,
Our buried Saint we found ;
High on a car we raised him,
With chanters gathering round ;

And forth the Psalm went thundering,
“Confounded be all they
That worship carvèd images,
To gods of stone that pray !”

The tyrant heard, and quivered
With mingled wrath and fear ;
“Haste, bid the Prefect Sallust
Before our throne appear.”
He came, and heard the mandate ;
“Avenge me on that crew !
Let those that scorn the Immortals
Their pride in torments rue.”

A Heathen man was Sallust,
Enslaved to Cæsar’s will ;
Yet loth in Christian Antioch
Such bidding to fulfil.

Since vain were prayer and counsel
To move that soul accurst,
He stretched his hand for victims,
And seized on me, the first.

To that fell Horse of torture
Affixed at prime of morn,
I hung till hour of vespers,
All mangled, wrenched, and torn ;
Yet still had strength for chanting,
“ Confounded be all they
That worship carvèd images,
To gods of stone that pray ! ”

Ah ! marvel not, Rufinus ;
I am but flesh and blood ;
My pangs at first were grievous,
But soon beside me stood

A young man, tall and beauteous,—
O friend, believe me now!—
Who wiped with cool soft linen
The sweat from off my brow.

In that sweet Angel-presence
The pain could scarce abide;
He sprinkled water o'er me,
He stirred not from my side,
Till Sallust bade them loose me
Just ere the close of day;
And I could scarce be thankful,
For then *he* passed away.

Unmeet for healing wonders,
A sinful man was I;
But God may well show tokens
When kings His Christ defy.

Be Christ Himself my witness,
That thus He sent me aid,
Who of the doomed Apostate
That dire example made.

St. Martin's Vision.

AN aged saint was kneeling, rapt in prayer ;
'Twas he that more abundantly than all
Had toiled, to chase the idols from their lair
In forest glades of Gaul.

Ere yet the Font he knew, a soldier lad,
At Amiens gate, when winter's face was grim,
With half his cloak a shivering wretch he clad,
So clothing Christ in him.

That loving deed, by Love thus owned and blest,
Became the sunrise of the bright career
That made, through all God's Churches in the
West,
The name of Martin dear.

Wondrous in works ; 'mid furious Heathen brave ;
His teaching with the Name of Jesus rife ;
Deep pity in his heart, that yearned to save
A doomed heresiarch's life.

And he was kneeling, praying through the night,
When 'mid a splendour as from heaven sent
down
A form stood o'er him, beautiful and bright,
With gorgeous robes and crown.

A sweet voice thrilled him, while his face he raised ;
“ Has Martin, then, to own his Lord forgot ?
Adore me, O my servant ! ” Martin gazed,
Uprose, and worshipped not,

But sternly spake, “ His token never fails ;
Against deceivers this be my defence ;
Show me in hands and feet the print of nails :—
Thou canst not—Get thee hence ! ” ¹

¹ Sulp. Sev. Vit. B. Mart., c. 24.

O Christ, the same through ages and to-day,
In whose dear form those awful marks endure,
Do not like trials oft our faith assay
With many a dazzling lure?

Learning and fancy, thought in ample reach,¹
And wealth of glowing words, our homage claim;
They haunt our ears with gentle, solemn speech,
And greet us in Thy Name.

Grant us to try them, Lord, by Martin's test;
And if on this exuberance of mind
We see Thy saving Passion's mark imprest,
To welcome all we find;

If not—the lying spirit to discern,
Nor follow, to our endless shame and loss,
The teachers who would make our hearts unlearn
The doctrine of Thy Cross.

¹ Newman's *Church of the Fathers*, p. 414.

The Death of St. Augustine.

I SEE a city throned on Afric's coast ;
 Beyond each gate, around each bulwark rings
The bodeful stir of an invading host ;
 'Tis Hippo "of the Kings."

Enclosed, beleaguered, in the August heat,
 She sees no aiding bark approach the shore :
Her sons, with anxious brow, where'er they meet,
 Compute her force, her store.

" Shall we have succour ? can we hold out long ? "
 Daily they ask, and varying answer give ;
But yet one sadder question moves the throng,
 "What think you ? can *he* live ? "

And eyes that quickly fill, and dimly gaze,
Turn toward the house where still, with failing
breath,
And strength that under fever's touch decays,
An old man waits for death.

The city's father, pastor, shield, and crown,
Chief teacher and chief Christian of the West,
Has wrought his work, must lay his burden down,
And enter into rest.

“ And will he leave us, in our direst need ? ”
So wail young hearts, in his conventional home :
Their elders check them—“ Well if *he* is freed,
Taken from ills to come.

“ It is the awful Will ; his gain, our loss ;
Are we Augustine's clerks, and know not how
To cry out, ‘ O the depth ! ’ accept the cross,
And to God's judgments bow ? ”

176 *THE DEATH OF ST. AUGUSTINE.*

He lies within, wrapt up in prayer intense,
True to his maxim, “None, howe'er approved,
Should meet, without befitting penitence,
The Lord whom here they loved.”

So, at his bidding, careful hands have set
In fair-writ sheets, across the chamber wall,
The Psalms wherein all contrite hearts have met
Since David wept his fall.

Ah, see him, at the end of such a course,
Follow with tearful eyes each pleading line :
“Let Thy free Spirit cleanse and reinforce
This poor stained soul of mine !

“Out of the deep I cry to Thee, O Lord !
For Thee I wait, as watchers for the day ;
O blest, on whom Thy pardoning love is poured,
Whose sins are hid away !”

And then his thoughts glide back, and span the time
Since, with the open Gospels o'er him spread,
Humbly he knelt, and took his charge sublime
As from the unseen Head.

Thenceforth, what toils and struggles, to repel
Whate'er would lure his people from the truth;
The gorgeous Eastern lie, whose magic spell
Had all but chained his youth;

The Arian treason to the Eternal Christ,
That needs must triumph, if these Vandals
reign;

The schism whose hard fierce energy sufficed
To rend the flock in twain;

And last, the proudest heresy of all,
That lifts to heaven a self-asserting face,
In tone serene and grave denies the Fall,
Disowns the need of Grace.

Ah, sovereign Grace! what inward schooling
taught

Thy champion thus to combat for thy claim?
When thy sweet power was coldly set at nought,
What filled his soul with flame?

The sequences of that mysterious Love
Which still, through devious windings, tracks its
own,
By deep experience he had learned to prove
And know, as few have known.

He sees his former self; his manhood's spring
Defiled by passion, chilled by unbelief,
That could but starve his hungry soul, and wring
His mother's breast with grief,

Who, spite of hopes deferred, of longings crossed,
For his conversion begged through nine long
years ;

One voice consoled her ; "He can ne'er be lost,
That son of these thy tears."

So, strong in patient faith, she prayed and prayed ;
Her prayers pursued him, clasped him, held him
fast,
Until at Milan, in the fig-tree shade,
They brought him home at last.

He heard the childish song, "Take up and read,"
And opened, at a chance, the scroll of Paul :
Two burning sentences fulfilled his need,
And gained him, once for all.¹

¹ Rom. xiii. 13, 14. S. Aug. Confess. viii. 29.

As one just rescued from a torrent's brink,
He heard his mother pour out thanks and praise ;
“ Oh, kind beyond whate'er we ask or think !
 Oh, good in all Thy ways !”

Again he sees that smile of full content,
Which beamed upon him as he rose, new-born,
From God's all-cleansing, quickening Sacrament,
 To wait the Paschal morn.

And as the better land comes more in sight,
He sees her as she sat, with face upraised,
When they, in deep communion of delight,
 Forth from the window gazed.

And marvelled what should be the perfect bliss,
Unseen of eye, and unconceived in heart,
The beatific sight of Him WHO IS,
 When no more known in part.

He hears her “Nunc dimittis” once again,
And makes it his ; it calls him to her side ;
And haply, while his spirit caught the strain,
He looked to heaven,—and died.

The Battle of Varna.¹

KING Ladislas sat with his peers at the board,
When the peace was made fast with the Moslemah's
Lord ;
All welcomed the pledge, "To the first sight of
home !"
All, save Father Julian, the Legate of Rome.

With his stern glooming brows 'mid the banquet
he rose—
"On your compact with Death be confusion and
woes !

¹ A.D. 1444. See Gibbon, viii. 130.

Who keeps the foul peace, on the Cross he hath
trod ;

Break faith with Mahound, or be faithless to God.

“ Your swords might have guarded the Constantines’
seat,

But ye cast loose the quarry that swooned at your
feet ;

Ho, ye that spare Agag, for Baal that plead,
Trow ye God hath no vengeance, and traitors no
meed ?

“ There were days when the Hermit of Amiens
outspoke,

And chanting, ‘ God wills it ! ’ all Christendom woke ;
O who shall rekindle the light that has fled ?
There were days—they are gone ! there were men
—they are dead !

“But ye swore on the Gospels? Our Lady forfend
Her Son’s Name should make His worst foeman
your friend :

’Tis the Pontiff, His Vicar, that cancels your vow,
That speaks by my voice; will ye hesitate *now?*”

His proud eye flashed round, but no murmur replied,
Till sudden, “God wills it!” King Ladislas cried;
“Thou hast conquered, Lord Legate! next morn,
by the Rood,
We’ll redder yon treaty in Amurath’s blood.

“Mount, Knights, for the Cross!” To the saddle
they sprang;
Through the tents at deep midnight the trumpet-
call rang;
See the arms, newly donned, in the morning-beam
glow
As the tempest of Christendom bursts on the foe!

Cries the Legate, as backward the Moslems recoil,
“ They flee, and our household divideth the spoil !”
To the Soldan grey warriors are muttering, “ ‘Tis
o’er ! ”

But he speaks, calm and solemn—“ I’ve *one* weapon
more.”

From the folds of his mantle the Treaty he drew,
With a king’s written pledge that the peace should
be true ;
“ As we keep faith and troth, brother Soldan, with
thee,
So help us our Helper, the Son of Marie.”

In the pure face of Heaven he raised it on high,
To plead for revenge on the Nazarene’s lie ;
Then lifted his voice—to Mohammed for aid ?
’Twas to Issa Ben Mariam the Infidel prayed.

“Hear, God of the Christians, by Christians defied !
By Thy Name they have sworn—by Thy Name
they have lied :
If Thou art what they deem Thee, look forth from
Thy throne,
And do right to my wrongs in avenging Thine
own.”

Lo the Turks, how they rally, when sorest bestead !
How their “La-illah” peals, and their sabres glow
red !
Is Michael’s own force in each Moslem to-day,
That they turn their pursuers to flight and dismay ?

And the Legate rides fast—but he spurreth in vain
Who rides from God’s wrath !—see him stretched
on the plain,
With a doom written deep in those features of woe,
“Who are false for the Truth, have the Truth for
their foe.”

A Tradition of Culloden.

THEY found him on Culloden heath,
A sight for soldiers' tears ;
His beauty all too strong for death,
His life but twenty years ;
They muttered low, " God send him grace ! "
The gory plaid they drew
For corpse-hood o'er the fair proud face,
And eyes of lustrous blue.

They bore him past an ancient hall,
Deep set in vernal trees ;
The lady looks o'er terrace wall,
The heavy sight she sees ;

Her only son, in Urquhart-glen,
With kinsmen bides afar ;
She will not call him home again,
Till sinks the blast of war.

Her joy is in that precious life
Fenced round and kept secure
From gathering clans and deadly strife,
And dark Drumossie-muir :
“ Far other weird was thine, poor youth ! ”
She bids the bearers wait ;
Her bosom thrills with woman’s ruth,
Her hand unbars the gate.

She looks upon the long bright hair,
And fast her tears outflow ;
“ Some mother’s heart, my darling fair,
Beside thee lieth low !

God's kindness cheer that stricken heart !

He hath been kind to me ;

Else, haply, e'en as now thou art,

So might my Roland be."

Her own soft hands the corpse will streek ;

She draws the plaid away :—

Comes ghastly whiteness o'er her cheek,

Her lips are cold as clay ;

Ah ! close her arms the dead enfold,

Her lips to his are pressed ;

The mother's heart lies still and cold

Upon her Roland's breast.

Louis the Seventeenth.

WAS *he* a King of France ? He never sat
Wrapt in blue robes, on throne high canopied
And bright with golden lilies ; ne'er for him,
In long procession from St. Rémi's Church,
Through the old sacred city's crowded streets,
To that sublime Cathedral porch was borne
The oil that blest the long-lived Monarchy,
In the Ampoule of Clovis. Ne'er for him,
As having “grasped the guidance of the realm,”
Through Notre Dame rang out the choral prayer.
Versailles ne'er called him master ; no behest
Of his, from Bed of Justice proudly given
In the Grand Chamber of the Parliament,
Fixed on the rolls his absolute decree.

No private wrath, armed with his manual sign,
Darkened the dark Bastille with new despair.
Nor wars he made, nor peace ; no rival Court
His policy discussed, his envoys heard.
No courtier prelate to his lofty stall
Bowed, ere he spoke the message of a King
That ne'er accepteth persons ; by his bed,
When life was spent, no Almoner appeared,
From jewelled pyx to draw the Host, or breathe
The "Commendation" in the closing ear,
And say "Inclina" o'er the shrouded corpse,
Ere yet St. Denis' vault should claim its own.¹

He King of France ? that woeful captive boy,
Torn from his mother's arms, and made the prey
Of a coarse ruffian with a tyrant's heart,
Fit for his fiendish task, to brutalize
And slay by inches Louis Capet's son ;

¹ See Carlyle, Fr. Rev. i. 28, 31.

Or freed from those base hands, but left to lie
In sickness, filth, and killing solitude,
Pent in a den with foulest vapours rank,
As if some pest were holding revel there ;
Then, all too late, to gentler guards consigned,
Who could but faintly cheer his last decay,
Teach him that earth had still some kindness left,
And win some fragments of slow mournful speech,
“ And yet I ne’er did harm to any one ”—
‘ Ah ! let me see *her* once before I die ! ”

Yet many owned him King ; all Europe o'er,
Princes or subjects, whoso loathed or feared
The wild Republic, for his rescue prayed.
His uncle, with an exile’s parody
Of princely state, assumed the formal style
Of Regent of his kingdom. King he was
To emigrants, in England finding bread ;
To royalists suspected or proscribed,

Gentle or simple, hidden, hunted, caught,
Flung into dungeons, mocked with trial-forms
At Tinville's bar, or bound to Sanson's plank,—
Or living through the Terror, strangely safe ;
To Toulon, when she welcomed England's flag ;
To those high faithful hearts in La Vendée,
That coupled in one joyous battle-cry
His name with God's. Ah ! could he but have
 heard
The shout that startled Dol, when from their
 knees
Men rose absolved, and rushed upon the foe—
“God save the King ! We march to Paradise !”
Or known the simple wish that, victory won,
And France through them to loyal peace restored,
The Seventeenth Louis, of his regal grace,
Would deign but once to visit La Vendée !
Ah ! many a King of France might well have
 given

Whole years of pomp or conquest, but to gain
Place in the prayers and hopes and dying thoughts
Of men like “Anjou’s Saint,” Cathelineau,
Or Bonchamps, true to mercy e’en in death,
Or such a sweet-souled hero as Lescure !

And History gives their helpless, crownless Liege
His station in the grand old dynasty
That sprang from Hugh of Paris, and that bore
Its perfect Lily in the holiest soul
That e’er swayed Christian sceptre.

Let him keep

That station, his by blood, and—better still—
His by a nature which no barbarous wrongs
Could e’er make quite unroyal. Simon once,
(Who saw him kneel upon his wretched bed,
And join his hands as if in act to pray,
Then with demoniac fury fell on him
For “saying Paternosters like a monk”—

And whom, ere long, the axe of Thermidor
Sent to the judgment of the orphan's God,)
This Simon asked him, " Could the brigands' force
Enthrone thee France's monarch, how wouldest
thou
Deal with me, Wolf-cub?" " I would pardon
you."

There spoke the heart of a Most Christian King.
O guiltless victim ! dreamed we of a God
In whose decrees were nought unsearchable,
Whose working must be measured, weighed, and
squared
Precisely with what men call good and just,
How should we look on such a fate as thine ?
But minds that frame such idol-god as this
Know not the Saviour's Cross, the Christian's
Heaven ;
And thou, St. Louis' heir, whose feeble breath,

Just flitting from the poor exhausted form,
Spoke of sweet music and thy mother's voice,
Hast been for well nigh fourscore earthly years¹
At rest within the Paradise of God. .

¹ He died June 8, 1795.

Llandudno.

“ Go up, my son, the Prophet said,
“ And look toward the sea.”
Ah ! came that summons, in thy thought,
O Cymric Saint, to thee ?

Here, on this grand and solemn height
Above the Irish main,
Thou stood’st, intent on earthly loss
And everlasting gain.

And lower, in a cavern-cell,
Thou mad’st thy stern abode,
To fill thy soul, in loneliness,
With the great thought of God.

Seven times a day the Orme's Head rocks
Re-echoed to thy prayer,
Ascending to the Lofty One
Through this keen mountain air.

And thou wouldest haply muse awhile
On forms of human power,
When thy fierce nation's kingly strength
Sat throned on Penmaenmawr.

But oh ! what peace would wrap thee round,
As one whom Angels keep,
Oft as thine eyes, at close of prayer,
Went roaming o'er the deep.

It lay before thee, dark or bright,
Its voices filled thine ear,
Symbol of God's vast Providence,
So gentle, so austere.

Majestic sign of power and life,
High wrath and gracious calm,
Its due-recurring choral tides
Responded to thy psalm.

Though strange to us thy life and death,
Yet English faith shall say,
Thou wast among God's witnesses
In that wild ancient day.

And still, where thine own mountain church
Looks calmly o'er the waves,
And, sight of joy ! the blessed Cross
Gleams fair on recent graves,

We'll honour one that walked with God,
And sought no earthly fame ;
And blend with thanksgiving to Christ
His faithful Tudno's name.

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It lay before thee, dark or bright,
Its voices filled thine ear,
Symbol of God's vast Providence,
So gentle, so austere.

Majestic sign of power and life,
High wrath and gracious calm,
Its due-recurring choral tides
Responded to thy psalm.

Though strange to us thy life and death,
Yet English faith shall say,
Thou wast among God's witnesses
In that wild ancient day.

And still, where thine own mountain church
Looks calmly o'er the waves,
And, sight of joy ! the blessed Cross
Gleams fair on recent graves,

We'll honour one that walked with God,
And sought no earthly fame ;
And blend with thanksgiving to Christ
His faithful Tudno's name.

Seven times a day the Orme's Head rocks
Re-echoed to thy prayer,
Ascending to the Lofty One
Through this keen mountain air.

And thou wouldest haply muse awhile
On forms of human power,
When thy fierce nation's kingly strength
Sat throned on Penmaenmawr.

But oh ! what peace would wrap thee round,
As one whom Angels keep,
Oft as thine eyes, at close of prayer,
Went roaming o'er the deep.

It lay before thee, dark or bright,
Its voices filled thine ear,
Symbol of God's vast Providence,
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But dearer far the churchyard-slope
We trod at even-fall,
Beneath the graceful window-line
That decks the southern wall
Of that majestic Minster, named
From Peter and from Paul.

O river-marge, of purest fame
When Oxford's self was not !
O ne'er by Britain's Angel-friends
Through changing times forgot !
To Fancy's eye, what forms return
To glorify the spot !

A Bishop, whom the love of souls
From Genoa's port could bring,
With clerks to aid in solemn rite,
And boys to serve and sing,

Is here, to make the Thames a font
For our West-Saxon King.¹

All hail, Birinus ! not in vain
Thy zeal to teach and pray ;
The House ordained to wax in might
'Till England owns its sway,
In this thy convert, Cynegils,
Is Christianized to-day.

And as he rises from the stream,
A sponsor near him stands,
Whose arm hath conquered back for Christ
The lost Northumbrian lands ;
King Oswald of the pure, true heart,
The strong and “ bounteous hands ! ”

They gleam, they fade, those forms august,—
’Tis like a vision’s end ;

¹ Bede, iii. 7.

Or lingers that baptismal chant,
With those clear notes to blend
That now, beneath the chancel-roof,
In Whitsun hymns ascend ?

The “Veni Sancte Spiritus !”
O ardent, urgent prayer,
That springs from man’s perennial need
Right up the Heavenly stair,
The same in fresh pathetic force,
At all times, everywhere !

Thou camest, O all-blessed Light,
O’er Heathen realms to shine ;
Come now, with rays of strengthening grace,
To these young hearts of Thine,
That hail, in simple trustful love,
Their Paraclete Divine.

To Thee they consecrate the close
 Of this their day of mirth ;
As Thou didst bid the Holy Fire
 Speed flashing o'er the earth,
So kindle to a Heavenward flame
 The glow of their new birth !

On Sinodun the night lies thick,—
 Our holiday is o'er :
Let bright things pass—they leave some bonds
 Drawn closer than before :
Come, Faith and Love, to knit them fast,
 And hold them evermore !

Ilfracombe.

To E. and T.

You ask me, ere we see the last
 Of this our golden time,
To form a present from its past
 In rough memorial rhyme :
Something to live in Memory's store,
Though what is gone returns no more.

Where to begin ? it matters not ;
 Take first our cheery room, .
With window towards the garden plot,
 And prospect up the Combe ;
Within, a sunshine of delight,
 And work that made our play more bright.

Hard by our gate, a rowan-tree,
With myrtle-bush beside ;
At Wildersmouth the scent of sea,
The plashing of the tide ;
The little Wilder's eager flow,
The spreading gardens' scarlet glow.

And then our walks ; we loved them all,
The distant and the near ;
The Lantern height, the old sea-wall,
The circuit of the pier ;
And where the waters, rough or still,
Now smite, now kiss, the Capstone hill ;

Or upward, where the quaint old town
Hangs terraced on the steep,
Or where the seven high Tors look down,
Majestic, o'er the deep ;

Or towards the eastern bathing-nook,
Or Langleigh's shadowed lawn and brook.

What mingled charms of dell and glade,
Stern cliff and dashing sea !

Recall that leafy vale of Slade,
Those creeks of Hele and Lee ;
Or Smallmouth's twofold cavern-bower,
Or Berrynarbor's stately tower ;

Combmartin's vale and tall white inn,
The verdant winding road,
The path where through its gorge the Lyn
So softly, darkly flowed :
And that wild Pass, whose rocks might seem
A fortress reared by magic dream.

And well we know the dreaded bay
With name of deathly sound ;¹

¹ Morte.

The Point, like couching beast of prey,
That forms its northern bound ;
The shelly beach of Barricane,
And Lundy stretched across the main.

Again in thought we seem to tread
Clovelly's stairlike street,
And see Atlantic waves outspread
Before that woodland seat ;
A scene, to us, more strangely fair,
Because we sat together there.

But memories we should most have missed
To that old Church belong,
So calm at morning Eucharist,
So bright for Evensong ;
Those Sundays four, if nought beside,
Shall still in sweet remembrance bide.

Thanks—that the best remains our own ;
That, on our leaving-day,
'Tis not remembrances alone
That we shall bear away ;
But something richer, dearer far,
Prized like a part of what we are.

Lindisfarne.

WE stood on royal Bamborough's height,
The eyrie of Northumbrian pride,
And saw, 'mid curling waters bright,
The islet where St. Cuthbert died ;
While March winds roused the midnight sea,
The call was heard, the soul went free.

Then, turning up the village street,
We sought and found the churchyard way,
Where once the August sunshine sweet
On Aidan's closing eyelids lay ;
A wooden buttress propped his head ;
He craved no softer dying-bed.¹

¹ Bede, iii. 17.

'Twas well on two such scenes to look,
On two such deaths to muse awhile,
Just ere the pilgrim's course we took,
And gained the shore of Holy Isle :
Ye Saints, who blessed that shore of old,
What patterns do your lives unfold !

Ye loved the Lord with all your heart ;
In Him ye loved the souls of men ;
Your joy was, freely to impart
Your best, and ask for nought again ;
No selfish greed, or lust of power,
Defiled your bounties' kindly shower.

Whate'er ye planned, begun, achieved,
Ye kept one pure and stedfast aim ;
To make the Christ yet more believed,
To win more worship for His Name :
And every truth and rule ye taught
Into your daily life was wrought.

These are thy lessons, Lindisfarne !
Lessons that live, whate'er may die ;
Thou hast a voice to cheer and warn
Those who to pastoral work draw nigh ;
Be theirs the track thine Aidan trod,—
All hope for man, all faith in God.

The "Angelus" at Lucerne.

ON the last eve of a glad autumn week,
Waiting for friends' return,
I marked the dying radiance faintly streak
Thy roofs and towers, Lucerne.

Then o'er the western heights that find a crown
In stern Pilatus' head,
The glorious Lake, the old historic town,
Soft shadows grew and spread.

And stillness with them came, profound, intense,
As if yon cloistral shade
Could breathe a strange, sepulchral influence
All nature to pervade.

No sound of common life the silence broke ;
 But with a thrilling toll,
The Minster belfry raised its voice, and spoke
 Straight to the heart and soul ;

The summons to the week's last "Angelus!"
 Its wild unearthly chime
Witnessed of Him, the Word made Flesh for us
 In lowliness sublime.

But whence the subtle magic of those bells ?
 Not such the notes that ring
From every steeple that at Easter swells
 Our triumph in our King ;

For though what bids us think how Gabriel came
 Uplifts us to rejoice,
A depth of sadness, pity, love, and shame
 Spoke in that belfry's voice.

It seemed to make confession unto God,
It seemed to plead with man
For Him whose love a patient path has trod
Since first His work began.

Woe for the wills against their Saviour set
So fiercely then as now !
Woe for the stubborn knees that will not yet
Before the Incarnate bow ;

For ears that cannot brook the strong full tones
Of our unfaltering Creed ;
For hearts whose hardened earthliness disowns
The Cross and their own need.

Still, throned in heaven, to dupes of unbelief
He spreads His hands all day ;
They scan His claims, give judgment cold and
brief,
And fearless turn away.

"A brave, pure soul,—purest of men, perchance,
In History's ripe award ;
Wronged by the dogmas, born of fond romance,
That call him God and Lord."

These walk in pride, by sparks themselves
have lit,
Gross darkness soon to be ;
While others in a dreamy cloudland sit,
Half asking, "Art thou He ?"

Once more, O peerless mystery of grace !
Thy sweet appeal renew ;
Light up dark minds ; win souls to Thine
embrace ;
High forts of doubt subdue.



Speak, till the sons of peace, with hearts unseared,
 Led by that voice of Thine,
Find Him each day more glorious, more endeared,
 Christ Human, Christ Divine.

St. Gerbaïs, Rouen.

To the Rev. P. G. Medd.

YES—'tis a place that will not be forgot ;
Our memories keep it sacred. We had stood,
That morn, in Normandy's primatial church,
Old Rouen's grand and solemn Notre Dame,
Where Rollo wild and pious Longsword sleep,
And our own Founder fills a nameless grave.¹
Shrunk was its ancient pomp ; within the choir
A scanty band of Canons knelt, and one
At the High Altar said the Chapter Mass,
With two church-boys in trailing cassocks red
To serve him and respond. And thence we came

¹ The writer was then (1863) a member of University College, the Founder of which, William of Durham, died at Rouen, in 1249.

To fair St. Maclou's, where through gorgeous glass
The soft light fell on bowed communicants,
And still a tablet spoke of Mission held,
And vows Baptismal heartily renewed,
When Louis Seize had not been ten years king,
Nor yet the great uprooting storm had burst
On France's throne and altar. Onward thence,
To that high-towering pile of loveliness,
A shrine of beauty rather than of awe,
St. Ouen, in its wealth of lightsome grace
Greeting the autumn sunshine. Calm it stood,
As if no fierce fanatic Huguenots,
Mistaking sacrilege for godly zeal,
Nor, later, those that warred against all faith,
Had e'er profaned it.

Then a gentle slope

Ascending, soon we reached the simple fane,
Sole relic of St. Gervais' Priory,
Where once to Norman William's dying ear,

Pealing across the city swept the toll
Of deep Cathedral bells, announcing Prime ;
And then, with lifted hands, and blinded prayer
To Mary, as if nearer than her Son,
The hard stern kingly spirit left its corse
To lie three hours neglected on the ground,
Till, for the love of God and Normandy,¹
At his own cost a simple knight began
The obsequies, through Ascelin's righteous claim
So hardly brought to close. Had e'er the Psalm,
That warns us, man's estate is vanity,
A fuller comment than the Conqueror's end ?

Such scenes before him pass, who musing stands
Beside St. Gervais' walls. But O the change,
Soon as he gains the little crypt below !
Its age by Roman brick-work manifest,
It still survives, a Basilic complete,

¹ Ord. Vital. vii. 16.

With nave and choir, and apse for holiest place,
And the twin sockets for the chancel-veil,
And the stone altar with its crosses five,
And traces of a seat pontifical,
And arched recesses where for ages lay
The first of Rouen's prelates, and the next,
Till fear of Northmen bore the sacred bones
To safer sheltering. Be the memory blest
Of Mello and Avician ! O'er their graves,
Haply, Victricius—he who, one has deemed,¹
First sang the great "Quicunque,"—he who bore
The staff at Rouen, while o'er Hippo rose
The light of all the west,—this temple reared.

O precious monument of that good time,
When Martin still was at his Master's work,
And seed well sown by blessed Hilary
Was gladdening Angels by its glorious fruit !

¹ Harvey on the Three Creeds, ii. 577.

O famous Church of France ! in this thy day
Of loyal strife with Satan's ministers,
Whose courtesies, more odious than their scorn,¹
Blaspheme thy Lord and God, both thine and ours,
What best will serve thee ? Not the Marian zeal
That finds at Bon Secours its own high place ;
That fond perversion of His Mother's name,
Wronging His work, His love, His majesty,
Weakening the weakness of His little ones,
And further yet estranging minds estranged ;
But that pure, manful, thoughtful faith and love,
That grand intensity of Christian force,
That knowledge of their country's deepest need,
Whereby thine ancient heroes, preaching Christ
In His Incarnate fulness,—yea, Himself
His own best proof and witness,—fought and won.

He that revives His work in midst of years
Can give whate'er He wills to us and thee.

¹ See Dr. Pusey's *Daniel the Prophet*, p. 30.

O more and more to Saints of either land
May He fulfil His promise ; “ I will pour
My Spirit on thy seed ! ”

And who, meanwhile,
Holding the faith of Christ, could set his feet
In that historic city, where the past
So mingles with the present, nor take home
The true, true lesson, which we that day read
In her Archbishop’s annual pastoral,
Fixed on a pillar of St. Vincent’s church ?
“ Lo, all things change, and all things pass away,
And all things die, but faith, and hope, and love ;
These die not, brethren ! O how all around,
All divers turns of life, conspire to show
That prodigality of tenderness
Wherewith our God entreats us—Come to Me ! ”

The Opening of the Odyssep.

SING, Muse, the change-tried man who wandered
far,
Since o'er Troy town he brought the storm of
war ;
Saw many a people's burgh, and learned their
mind,
And crossed the deep, to many a woe resigned,
Striving his life to save, and home to bear
His comrades ; yet not all his love and care
Could save them ; by their own self-will undone,
Fools ! they devoured the cattle of the Sun,
Who therefore doomed them ne'er their home to
see :

Of this, beginning where it pleaseth thee,
O Zeus-born Goddess, tell the tale to me.

Now all the chiefs who 'scaped destruction's
steep,
At home were safe from battle and the deep ;
Save him, for wife and home with longing pained,
Him, whom Calypso in her caves detained,
Fair nymph and goddess, fain her guest to wed ;
Yet, when revolving years the season sped
For his home-journey by the Gods decreed,
Not yet from trials was the sufferer freed,
Nor with his loved ones. But the Immortals rued
His lot ; save one, whose ceaseless wrath pursued
Godlike Odysseus, till his land he won.
But to the *Æthiops* was Poseidon gone,
Who dwelt at earth's two ends, in west and east,
On hecatomb of sheep and bulls to feast.

There sat he, joyous ; while his fellows all
Were gathered in the Olympian Father's hall,
Who of Ægisthus' death himself bethought,
By Agamemnon's heir Orestes wrought ;
This he, beginning, to their memory brought.

“ Lo ye ! what blame on Gods do mortals throw !
From us, they ween, from us their evils flow ;
While they in their own wilfulness create
New sorrows, more than all assigned by fate.
So took Ægisthus, not by fateful doom,
Atreides' wife, and when her lord came home,
Slew him, well knowing woes that should betide ;
For we had warned him by the Argicide,
‘ Thou shalt not slay the king, nor court his wife ;
Else vengeance shall arise against thy life,
Soon as Orestes shall his country seek
In strength of manhood.’ Thus did Hermes speak ;

But the good counsel ne'er *Ægisthus* swayed—
And now, at once, all forfeits he hath paid."

Athene, blue-eyed Goddess, made reply : .
“ O Father, Cronos-born, of powers most high,
Surely his death was his befitting meed,
And so die all who imitate his deed !

But for Odysseus is my soul oppress,
Woe-worn, and far from all who love him best,
In a lone isle, the centre of the seas,
Where, in her mansion sheltered round by trees,
Abides a Goddess, crafty Atlas’ child,
(Atlas, who knows the deep’s recesses wild,
And grasps the pillars tall that hold apart
The earth and Heaven) ; ‘tis she that breaks the
heart

Of her sad captive, fondling him the while
With ceaseless words of blandishment and guile,

To make Odysseus Ithaca forget :
In vain ! on that dear isle his mind is set ;
Could he but see its smoke's ascending wreath,
Hushed were his longings—he would welcome death.
And has thy heart no pity for this pain ?
Did he not please thee oft with victims slain
Beside the Argive fleet, on Trojan shore ?
Why then in wrath afflict him evermore ?”

To whom the God that drives the stormy cloud :
“ O daughter, why are words like these allowed
To pass thy lips ? Bethink thee, could I e'er
Forget the great Odysseus, past compare
Wisest of men, and heedfullest to give
Due sacrifice to those in Heaven that live
For ever ? No—’tis all Poseidon’s ire,
The earth-surrounding God, the indignant sire
Of him whom thine Odysseus hath made blind,
Huge Polyphemus, chief of Cyclop kind,

Whom nymph Thoosa bore (the daughter she
Of Phorcys, ruler of the unfruitful sea),
Who met Poseidon in a cavern's grot.
Since then the stern Earth-shaker slays him not,
But keeps him still a wanderer from his home :
But now, that he to Ithaca may come,
'Tis meet we all in council here combine ;
So must Poseidon needs his wrath resign,
For vainly, if apart he stands as one,
Against the Immortals will he strive alone."

To him the blue-eyed Goddess made reply :
" O Father, Cronos-born, of powers most high,
If now indeed the blest ones will it so,
That wise Odysseus to his home should go,
To send our envoy, Hermes, it were well
Unto Ogygia's island, straight to tell
The fair-haired nymph our council's firm decree,
That the long-patient chief restored shall be

230 THE OPENING OF THE ODYSSEY.

To Ithaca : and thither I repair,
To kindle force and spirit in his heir ;
Who, roused to act, shall to the assembly call
The long-haired Greeks, and bid the suitors all
Pass forth from out his courts, where every day
His fatted sheep and hornèd beeves they slay.
Then will I send him o'er the waves, to learn
Haply some tidings of his sire's return,
At sandy Pylos, and at Sparta's town,
And gain in all men's eyes a fair renown."

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